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PREACHERS AND PREACHING IN LONDON.*

SUNDAY in London is indeed a motley thing; and to the provincialist, who pays a visit to the metropolis during summer, must present a curious subject for speculation. In the morning of a fine summer Sunday, there is a stillness in the atmosphere which contrasts strongly with the jarring chaos of sounds that stuns the ears on the six secular days. Groups of working men may be seen at corners, or sauntering up and down, or loitering about the doors of the public-houses; barbers are busy in their vocation; butchers, green-grocers, butter-men, and other venders of kitchen wares, are waiting for that portion of the Saturday's late-paid wages which has not yet reached them; and omnibuses are already beginning to be filled with slaves of the desk, the counter, or the workshop, who are anxious to escape to the outskirts. Bells of many tones begin to ring over the huge city; carriages convey stately inmates to church and chapel; and well-dressed crowds pour forth on foot. Idlers hang over the parapet of London bridge, gazing on the busy scene below; steamers are smoking, hissing, and cramming. Eleven o'clock arrives, and the public-houses close their doors, and eject their customers; while the bakers' shops remain open a little longer, to receive the latest-made pie, or the recently-bought round of beef or leg of mutton, with which some dawdler hurries over, still asseverating that she "aint a bit too late."

This may be called the first act of the living drama; now for the second. About six hundred places of worship, large and small, from the spired church to the humbler hall or room, contain congregations of all opinions, and join in varied services. Working men in the outskirts are dressing their portions of garden-ground. Mothers and daughters, in streets containing a working population, are busily employed in scrubbing and cleaning, and preparing for the dinner at one; Sunday's dinner being the all-important dinner of the week. The streets are comparatively quiet, but the great thoroughfares are busily thronged. Here and there a street preacher gathers a small group around him. Walkers, as they pass a church or chapel, look in, to see or hear what is going on. But, on the whole, the second act, which lasts from eleven till one, is a period of quietness and repose.

At one o'clock commences an entirely new portion of the London Sunday. The churches and chapels are emptying; the public-houses open, and pot-boys, in clean shirts and aprons, sally out with their porter, and make the bye-streets to echo with their cry; fathers, sons, mothers, daughters, and servants, stream out from bakers' shops, and send abroad a savoury smell of pies and pork, beef and pudding; and the whole world of London, except the fashionable world and its imitators, sit down to dinner. Three o'clock draws on, and the public-houses are shut once more. But those who have staid at home to eat their dinner now go forth to enjoy the fresh air. It is afternoon at the east end, and morning at the west. From four till six the fashionable world wheels out,

to see the beasts in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, or to get an appetite for dinner in Hyde Park. But Greenwich Park swarms with those who have already dined, and who are dunned by female "touters," all obligingly tormenting passengers, by asking if they will step in and take tea. As the fashionable world rolls homeward to dinner, to close their morning, and begin their day, the religious world comes forth to hear the evening sermon. Meantime, roads and river are alive;—steam-boats and small boats smoke, jostle, and float on the river; and omnibuses, coaches, gigs, and tradesmen's light carts, swarm on the highways. Public-houses, re-opened at five, expect a choice portion of custom during the remainder of the evening; and tea-gardens in the suburbs, after a winter fast, look for a summer feast on Sundays.

There may be about eight hundred clergymen and religious teachers employed in London on a Sunday. What are they doing? Busy, doubtless; and as doubtless is there a prodigious outpouring of intellect and eloquence during a Sunday's ministrations. Busy, earnest, and zealous many of them are; but the amount of intellect and eloquence distributed amongst the London congregations on a Sunday is not exceedingly high. Out of the whole eight hundred—of whom at least six hundred must be considered as men of education, many of them scholars, and, we presume, all of them devoted to their work, and giving their time to it,—not more than a dozen or eighteen could be picked out, whose mental qualifications rise above mediocrity. Preaching is no part of Christianity *itself*; it is but a human means of recommending the truths of Christianity; and as it deals with the highest interests of humanity, the very highest powers of the human intellect should be devoted to it. But the general level of London preaching is low. If it were possible for a man to go round all the churches and chapels of the metropolis in a day, and to listen to all the sermons preached, he would be annoyed at the small amount of solid instruction and wisdom he could extract from the mass. Many earnest men he would assuredly have heard—many zealously affected to their work, and anxious to do good. But, if he were a man of any scriptural information at all, he would be surprised, as he walked from church to chapel, to hear how frequently the same common-places were repeated—how often assertions went in place of proofs—how often an entire hour would be filled up with a torrent of words. In truth, any auditor, of the slightest mental activity, and accustomed to pulpit oratory, might, in nineteen cases out of every twenty, as soon as a London preacher gave out his text, anticipate the entire scope of the discourse,—if, in fact, he could not lay down the heads, and guess the paragraphs.

This lamentable waste of moral and intellectual power and opportunity is followed by many bad results. Ministers of very ordinary capacity are elevated into demigods, and become the worshipped, each of a coterie. Within their charmed circle, they have a certain potency; out of it, they are powerless. To dissent from the extravagant adulation bestowed on "our own minister," is to provoke almost the certainty of hatred from some people; while the character of any other clergyman, equally good and

* The Metropolitan Pulpit; or, Sketches of the most popular Preachers in London. Two volumes. London, Virtue, 1839.

equally clever, may be freely canvassed in their presence. Each congregation may be said, to a certain extent, to bottle up its own Christianity for its own use—the “wells of salvation” are made private property. And while particular ministers are worshipped and run after, their very defects are marked, and changed into virtues, and, in the strong language of Dr. Chalmers, they are borne onwards amid “the hosannahs of a drivelling generation.”

If any proof be required of our assertions, or rather of our opinions, we would point to the volumes which have led us to make these remarks. We do not set up for critics, and have no ambition to undertake the ungracious and sometimes spiteful task of reviewing books. But here are two handsome-looking volumes, got up by an author, who boasts of having had 20,000 copies sold of his “Random Recollections of the Houses of Lords and Commons,” and 15,000 copies of his “Great Metropolis.” The author has some facility in sketching the externals of a character, and has a lively, gossiping style; and as he professes to have picked up his information amongst religious people, we must (after allowing for the artist’s defects) take his picture as something like a resemblance. Let us see, then, what he tells us about London preachers and preaching. To do justice, however, to the subject, we must premise, that the writer has a most indiscriminating and capacious swallow; he believes most religiously everything he hears; takes an apocryphal story, which has been appropriated to half-a-dozen individuals, on the faith of the last person who repeated it; and makes some ludicrous blunders.

As an instance of the latter, take the following about the late well-known Dr. Waugh:—

“Perhaps of all quotations which he ever made from profane writers, none surprised his people so much as one he made from one of Burns’s songs, on a sacramental occasion. I am indebted for the anecdote to a lady who was at the time, and continued till his death, one of his members. The communicants were seated at the sacramental table, and he, according to the custom of the Presbyterian church of Scotland, was addressing them, or, as it is technically called, ‘serving the table,’ previous to the distribution of the elements. In the middle of his address he said, as nearly as my informant could remember the words, ‘You are all, communicants, acquainted with the popular song of your countryman, in which, speaking of the warm affection which a lassie cherishes for her lover, he represents her saying,

‘His very foot, there’s music in’t,
As he comes up the stairs.’

A feeling of surprise at a quotation from such a writer as Burns, on such a solemn occasion as that on which they were at the time met, was simultaneously experienced by all present; and every one wondered in his own mind how the Doctor could convert such lines to a spiritual purpose. He soon satisfied them on the point,” &c. &c.

Now, we fancy our English readers are all acquainted with the popular song of “Nae luck about the house,” and are aware, not only that it was *not* written by Burns, but that, instead of being an expression of “the warm affection which a lassie cherishes for her lover,” the song is the joyous outpouring of a wife on hearing of the safe arrival of her husband. We dare say, if Dr. Waugh *did* quote the lines, he quoted them correctly, in that sense, so familiar to Scottish theology, that “the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church.” The matter, however, is too refined to be appreciated by our worthy author, who, nevertheless, is reputed to be himself a Scotchman: he heard the story; it was enough; and accordingly made a “prief” in his note-book.

Again, speaking of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothsley Noel, the well-known minister of St. John’s Chapel, Bedford-row, he exclaims, “Oh! it is a delightful thing to see a man, whose rank and fortune and accomplishments would ensure his ready admission into the very highest circles of society, and whose nearest relations constantly associate with the *élite* of the land, choosing rather to be the humble, self-denying minister of Christ, than to enjoy the fascinating, though, in a moral sense, too often fatal, pleasures of fashionable life!” To this he appends a note, in which he coolly informs us, “Lord Farnham, his brother, and Lady Farnham, his sister-in-law, form part of the household of the Queen.” If one name is, to our author, just as good as another, he might, out of respect to his readers, before he committed this information to press, have looked into a Penny Almanac, and, perhaps, have substituted the name of Lady Barham for that of the two Farnhams.

Such are specimens of our author’s facts—here is one of his

opinions. Speaking of earnestness in preaching, he says, “I can conceive it quite possible that a preacher’s mind may be so deeply interested in the truths he is proclaiming, as to impart a more than ordinary vehemence to his manner, without in the slightest degree transgressing the dictates of a sound judgment. Whitfield was a striking instance in point. He threw his whole heart and soul into his sermons, and his manner altogether was of the most impassioned kind of which we can form any conception; and yet we know, from his published discourses, *that there was nothing extravagant in his matter.*” And this is said of Whitfield! Of him, who from the pulpit called on the angel Gabriel to stop ere he entered the sacred portals! Of him whose preaching manner was one continued extravagance, only redeemed by his earnestness, and the almost incredible artificial skill of his manner!

We have noticed these incidental matters, merely to show that we are quite aware of the *value* of the volumes we are noticing; still, we think that the book is not an absolute caricature; and though, we doubt not, many clergymen, as well as their friends, will have no great reason to be flattered, still one may see from it that the superficial author fancies that he has hit off some striking likenesses. The book is mainly composed of twaddling stories picked up in religious coteries, and is a sort of indiscriminate daub, wherein every clergyman described is lauded as great, good, and clever. The author tells the following indelicate story about the late Rev. Matthew Wilks.

This reverend gentleman, according to our authority, was very anxious to get up a matrimonial connexion between a brother minister and a lady of fortune. He accordingly sent him with a letter of introduction, which ran thus:—

“My dear Madam—Allow me to introduce to you my worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. A.

“If you’re a cat,
You’ll smell a rat!

“Yours truly, MATT. WILKS.”

This very creditable epistle is accompanied by a descriptive narration, about how the lady was confused, and the gentleman was confused, and how they recovered their confusion, and how the gentleman waited on the lady afterwards without the intervention of any such introductory epistles, and how they got happily married.

Of Rowland Hill, on whose memory is plastered almost every odd or droll story that is told of eccentric clergymen, we have, amongst others, the following. It seems that a number of ministers were assembled in the house of a friend, and, in conversation, had got over head and ears in the profundities of the origin of moral evil, and the freedom of the will. “Mr. Hill had all the while been alternately reading a book and looking out at a window which commanded a rather pleasant prospect. When the party had finished their discussion, one of them remarked to Mr. Hill that he had not expressed his opinion on the point in dispute. The remark was echoed and re-echoed by nearly all present, when at last one of them, who was a great stickler for the freedom of the will, asked him point-blank his opinion on the subject. ‘Mr. R.’ said Mr. Hill, turning himself to the gentleman in whose house the party were,—‘Mr. R., I have been amused with a pig of yours which was running about on the *green-sward* below the window, [the window, be it recollected, “commanded a rather pleasant prospect,”] while you were all immersed in metaphysics. Does your pig shave?’

“Every one present looked at the other in utter amazement at the oddity of the question. Mr. R. replied, with a sort of smile, ‘Shave, Mr. Hill! who ever heard of a pig shaving?’ [ay, who?] “Then your pig does *not* shave, does she?’ interrogated the eccentric old gentleman.

“No—*certainly not*,’ replied the other. [A very proper and decided answer.]

“And *why* does she not shave?’ was Mr. Hill’s next question.

“This was confusion worse confounded. Mr. R. *knew not what answer to return to the query, and accordingly hesitated as if thinking what he ought to say.*

“Ah! you can’t answer my question, I perceive,’ observed Mr. Hill. The continued silence of Mr. R., as well as that of the company, was a virtual admission that the interrogatory was a poser.

“Then,’ said Mr. Hill, after a moment’s pause, still addressing himself to Mr. R., ‘then I must answer it myself. Your pig does not sit upon her hind legs, and shave like animals of the biped class, simply because she has not the *will*.’”

We should have thought that the reason why a pig does not

shave, is simply because there are neither razors nor barbers in a piggy community; and that a calf don't wear breeches, because it has got no tailor. But, in the words of our author, "it were impossible" to depart from this pig's story, without giving the winding-up reflections, which may be taken as a general specimen of how to improve a joke.

"It were impossible to describe the effect which this happy piece of ridicule of those who can dogmatise with so much complacency on matters which are utterly beyond their comprehension, had on all present. Every one felt more mortified than another, and each came to a resolution in his own mind, that if he ever again engaged in a dispute respecting the freedom of the will, it would not be in the presence of Rowland Hill." (!!!)

We must pass from the dead to the living; and shall begin with the Rev. Henry Melvill, of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, who is, in the words of our sketcher, "the most popular preacher in London. I am doing no injustice to other ministers, whether in the church or out of it, in saying this. The fact is not only susceptible of proof, but is often proved in a manner which all must admit to be conclusive. When a sermon is advertised to be preached by Mr. Melvill, in any church or chapel in the metropolis, the number of strangers attracted to the particular place is invariably greater than is ever drawn together in the same church or chapel, when any of the other popular ministers in London are appointed to preach on a precisely similar occasion."

Mr. Melvill, it seems, "only preaches one sermon on the Sunday, and does not preach at all during the week." "His discourses," continues our gossip, "ought to be finished compositions; for I am assured by those who know him, that, on an average, he devotes from seven to eight hours each day, during six days of the week, to the preparation of the sermon which he delivers on the Sabbath evening. He shuts himself up in his study, refusing to be seen by any visitors, except in very peculiar circumstances, for the above length of time, every day, from Monday till Saturday. And when thus as completely shut out from the world as if buried in one of the cloisters of some monastery, he presses all the powers of his mind, and all his varied reading, into his service, while preparing for his pulpit exhibition on the following Sunday evening. He displays as much solicitude about the composition of each successive sermon, as if that sermon, instead of being heard by only 2,500 persons, were to be preached to the entire population of the kingdom."

At least forty hours every week spent on the composition of a single sermon! Where did our gossip get his information?

"The personal appearance of the reverend gentleman is far from being striking. He has a small, thin face, with features which are by no means calculated to inspire the spectator with an impression of his being a man of superior intellect. His eyes are less than the average size, and are of a light blue. His forehead is straight, but not very high. His complexion is of a darkish hue, and would at times lead to the conclusion that his ardour in the discharge of his ministerial duties, or some other cause, had to some extent affected his health." "Some time ago, while the passages of his chapel were most densely crowded by strangers anxious to hear him preach, he observed an old and frail man among the number. He immediately opened the door of his own pew, in which there was just room for one more person, and desired the aged infirm man to step into it, and take a seat. What made the act more kind and condescending, was the circumstance of there being so many ladies and gentlemen in the crowded passages. The reading of the service had but just commenced, and Mr. Melvill turned up the various parts of the Prayer-book which the clerk referred to, and shared the book with the old man. The latter was so overcome with a sense of Mr. Melvill's condescending kindness, that he could not refrain from shedding tears while he thought of it."

We know not which most to admire in this anecdote:—the exquisite delicacy which marvels that an aged infirm man should be preferred to stout ladies and gentlemen, or the fawning adulation which talks about "condescending kindness."

Another very popular preacher belonging to the establishment, is the Rev. Thomas Dale, vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and evening lecturer in St. Sepulchre's, Snow-hill. "Though his discourses exhibit all the traces of great care in the preparation, I never could observe anything either about them or him which could justify the opinion, that when addressing his people he is more solicitous about what should be thought of himself as a man

of talent, than about the faithful and effectual exhibition of the truth. His manner has all the appearance of sincerity about it. No one could hear him, even for a few minutes, without quitting the place with a thorough conviction, that his heart is in the work." "Mr. Dale's personal appearance is not imposing. He is under the middle stature, but rather firmly made. In his gait he has a slight stoop. Usually when walking in the streets, his eyes look towards the pavement, as if he were lost in contemplation. *I believe his mind is often occupied with some train of thought, when proceeding along the streets or lanes of London.* His complexion is of a dark pale, if there be not a contradiction in the expression. His face is somewhat thin; his brow is narrow, and slightly contracted. His eyebrows are prominent and projecting. His features—" but we shall not give any more of Mr. Dale's marks.

With the exception of Mr. Dale, the few clergymen of the established church in London, who are run after, preach in episcopal chapels, in most cases purchased for them by their friends. Such is the case with Mr. Melvill; Baptist Wriothley Noel preaches in St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, of which the late well-known Cecil was minister; and the Rev. Thomas Mortimer preaches in Gray's-inn-lane Chapel, which was purchased by himself, aided by his friends. The Rev. T. J. Judkin, of Somers-town Chapel, "is," says our author, "what is called a lady's preacher. He is greatly run after by the sex. Even when he preaches in any church or chapel in the neighbourhood, there is always a marked preponderance of ladies among his hearers."

Amongst preachers of the Scotch church in London, "the Rev. John Cumming, of Crown-court Church, Little Russell-street, Covent-garden, is one of the most rising preachers of any denomination in the metropolis. When he accepted the pastoral charge of the church and congregation in Crown-court, five years ago, the number of his stated hearers did not exceed eighty; now the average attendance is between four hundred and fifty and five hundred." He is only thirty years of age, and, "from the footing he has already gained in the metropolis, and with the advantages of youth and energy, and enterprise, on his side, he has the prospect before him, if his life be spared, of a lengthened career."

There are several very clever men among the Independents, of whom Professor Vaughan, and the Rev. Thomas Binney, of Weigh-house Chapel, London-bridge, may, on the whole, be considered as the most intellectual.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

A PARTY of boors had gone out to hunt a herd of buffaloes, which were grazing on a piece of marshy ground, interspersed with groves of yellow-wad and mimosa trees, on the very spot where the village of Somerset is now built. As they could not conveniently get within shot of the game without crossing part of the *vallée*, or marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentots, and to advance on foot; thinking that, if any of the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and, under covert of the bushes, approached the game with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull-leader, that he dropped on his knees, bellowing furiously. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But, no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up and rushed headlong upon him. The man, throwing down his heavy gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the beast was so close upon him that he despaired of escaping. In that direction, and, turning suddenly round a clump of copse-wood, began to climb an old mimosa-tree which stood at one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bounding forward with a roar, which my informant described as being one of the most frightful sounds he ever heard, he caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force, that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, into a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until, weakened with loss of blood, he again sank on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead.—*Pringle.*

LEIPZIG FAIR.

TWICE in each year material for conversation abounds in Leipzig. A complete stranger may then be addressed without having recourse to that hackneyed subject, the weather; for one has only to say, "How goes the mart?" "Is the mart good?" "How many bankrupts are we to have?" All this is quite allowable to do, and thus an acquaintance is commenced.

These time-killing moments annually occur at Easter and Michaelmas, and are well known to the trading world. There is also a smaller mart, or rather fair, at the new year.

The Leipzigers are such thorough-going traders, that they must keep their hands in, even upon a new-year's day. The weather is then too cold to expect a visit from the turbans or caftans of the East. The great merchants of the west also remain at home; so that the chilly *Neujahrsmesse* is generally a mere commonplace fair.

Leipzig is famous, as all the world knows, for its university, as well as its marts; but one alternately gives place to the other, and before the deafening noise of hammering up the booths begins in the streets of Leipzig, the students, the disciples of the muses, may be seen pouring out of each of the five city gates, after a long half-year of study; and now they sally forth from Alma Mater, with their heads crammed with learning, and their knapsacks with themes, all hurrying and marching homewards, in exuberant spirits at the thoughts of the happy meeting with family and friends, and the savoury flesh-pots reeking with delicious odour upon the paternal hearth.

Scarce are the loud-singing, choral groups of students clear of the precincts of the city, ere the Rossplatz is sonorous with exotic sounds—Asiatic and African,—bawls, growls, roarings, and bellows! Leipzig's hopeful youths, bare-legged and bare-headed, stand staring at the imposing figures depicted upon canvasses, and hung upon the lofty poles which raise their heads high above the dusty waggons, which contain the wondrous birds, beasts, and reptiles. Next to the wild beasts stands a cabinet of wax figures; there may be seen that police master of finesse, Fouché, now no longer to be feared; Mary Stuart, whose charms the vile executioner's axe was to lay in the dust; near to this unfortunate queen stands Peter the Great of Russia, with the still bleeding head of a Strelitzer in his hand. In a neighbouring booth may be seen a mystical being—a man covered from head to foot with hair; and the notice informs the wondering gazers that he is a native of a country four thousand miles beyond Batavia! How far Batavia is from the Rossplatz few of the Leipzigers have any idea. But four thousand miles beyond Batavia! that entirely gravels and floors these clever Leipzigers. Once before there was a wonderful nondescript sort of a wild man to be seen in this same Rossplatz of Leipzig. The land from whence he was said to have come was never seen in any map, or described in any geography; he was a cannibal, and had been tamed with much care, lest he might take a fancy to feed upon some of the Leipzigers. He was carefully placed in a dusky corner, as if it were feared that too much light might induce him to break loose, or commit some fearful act of native ferocity. In point of intellect he was supposed to be nearly equal to the Esquimaux, who can count as far as nine, only this wild man could neither count, nor speak, but in a growl, half sloth, half bear; yet, notwithstanding, a most learned professor, after much profound cogitation, brought forth a treatise in flowing Latin, in which he gave country, species, nay the very herd, or family, where this *lusus nature* might perchance be found in the wilds of Asia.

In this same Rossplatz of Leipzig might also be seen tumblers, horse-riders, monkeys, cockatoos, sugar-plums, and waffle-cakes. The atmosphere of the Rossplatz is odorous with the savoury smell of Westphalia ham, smoked sausages, eels, looking like dried snakes, herring salad, renowned eel soup, smoke of countless cigars and meerschaums.

In every inn, hostel, and booth, may be heard music, singing,

harping, waltzing; and to this add card-playing, billiards, roulette, dust, crowding, and elbowing. Such is the physiognomy of the Leipziger Rossplatz, where, during the mart, many curious scenes are played; but, thanks to a watchful police, serious affrays are of rare occurrence.

Each Leipzig mart, or *Messleben*, is held for three weeks, and each week has its own particular name; and in the middle of these twenty-one glorious days, two are held as days of jubilee, and at night pillars of light, like central suns, illumine the entire fair. These days are the Alpha and Omega of the mart, and upon these two days, if it does not hail paving-stones, no one stays at home, for the gadfly seizes upon all.

The natives of the East and of the West mingle together in this motley throng; and the mighty human stream, finding the crowded streets too narrow and too close to breathe freely in, sally out at every gate to storm the *wirthschaften* (public-houses) in the suburbs; these are shortly as crowded as the houses left behind them in the *stadt*. Many, finding the nearer houses already full, push forward towards the Rosenthal, for here have two knowing fellows, like clever fishers, spread their nets; their names are Kyntschi and Clermout; they are both restaurateurs, and ensnare the people by hundreds to cool their *magens* with delicious ices. The motley throng soon fills every room, nor can entreaty or money, at all times, procure refreshments, where the luxury of a chair is of infinite value.

Herr Kyntschi takes the people in like shoals of herrings, and when all his rooms are full, hundreds may be seen wandering in the garden, breathing an atmosphere impregnated with the smoke of the narcotic weed.

"Robert der Teufel" begins at half-past six, and pleasantly beguiles an hour or two later over a glass of grog or punch; you may listen to the *gabrielen*, or the *iriswalzer*; dancing is quite out of the question; but look to your glass, and take care of your toes.

Brimful of the delights of vulgar sights, and wearied with the crowding, elbowing, and pushing, the fashionable man, by a kind of natural instinct, now makes for the saloon of the Hôtel de Pologne, hoping there, at least, to find a place at the well-served table; and if he is so fortunate as to find a vacant place, he hastily seats himself, and rests in luxurious ease from the labours of the busy day. But immense as this saloon is, countless as are the covers, in a very brief space of time every place is occupied. Those who, being gifted with the virtue of patience (which few Germans are without), obtain the much desired seat at last, may revel in the delights of the varied fare, and quaff from humble Port to imperial Tokay. Delighted with your good fortune at finding yourself with unbroken limbs, blessed with a keen appetite, you will not be over-particular or critical about the cookery,—remember it is the *messe*, and do not be sparing in your allowance on this account, nor do not be curious about your wine, and smack, and taste, and flavour, neither hold it up to the light, expecting to find your nectar as clear as amber, or particularly fine-flavoured; you may indeed, upon detecting any flagrant fault in your wine, order in another bottle or vintage, but believe me, you will be apt to find the same sour result. The common wines at last provoke—you become desperate, order in champagne, and, after a bottle or two, good humour is restored, friends and acquaintance gather together, and a jovial carouse closes a day of the Leipzig mart.

The pleasantest of the three weeks' mart is the middle one, when the retail trade is generally in full bloom. As to the great merchants, many of them finish their traffic in the first week, and some long before its termination. The third week is much quieter, and the Thursday of this week is the most serious day in the year to the gambling mercantile speculator, for many bills fall due upon this day, and many a renowned firm totters, staggers, falls. Few fairs pass over without defaulters and failures, and many a ruined merchant hears of *zahlwoche donnerstag* with bitter recollection and breaking heart.

What traveller or stranger in Leipzig has not paid a visit to the *neu Buchhändler-börse* (Booksellers' Exchange)? The best speech made upon its opening was that of Regierungs-Commissär-Von Falkenstein, a man esteemed and respected by all—the mercantile, professional, and literary man.

An old German proverb says, "That where a new temple is erected to the Deity, the devil is sure to build a wine-house close by." So close by this new literary exchange is there also a wine-house established, which the Leipzigers call the *Rheinbaisersche Weinhandlung*.

We do not mean to infer that this exchange is a temple to the Divinity, neither do we mean to accuse mine host of the *weinhaus* of being an emissary of the prince of darkness; for this establishment is greatly praised for the pure quality and fine flavour of its wines, which are served in *schoppens*, and half *schoppens*. This name stimulates and amuses the genuine Leipziger, who has been accustomed from time immemorial to drink his wine out of a *vömer*, a wide-footed drinking-glass.

Notwithstanding Piracy, Censorship, and cheap literature, the book-making trade flourishes, and enables these literary merchants to give a splendid dinner. The hotel-keeper, doubtless a man of delicacy and tact, liberally erased the item of *krebsuppe* (crayfish-soup) from the dinner bill. And to convince every one concerned that the book trade flourishes, the ABC merchants gave a splendid ball at the *Hôtel de Pologne*, where they danced à la Strauss and Lanner until the sun arose. Let us not forget the *baierisches Bier* (Bavarian beer). This beverage is in wonderful request during the *messe*; and if the Bavarian export is as much admired in *Greece* as it is in Leipzig, then will the brave Greeks have cause of congratulation. Many a tottering Leipziger landlord is, by the aid of this foreign auxiliary, *baierisches Bier*, become his own man again. How the Leipziger brewer may approve of this love of change is quite another matter. Besides the bookselling crabs and *baierisches Bier*, there was a third article in superabundance, *Maiküfer* (cockchafers), and they feasted upon the greater part of the young and tender leaves in the Rosenthal.

Every German publisher has his commissioner at Leipzig, to whom he sends prospectuses and specimens of his new publications, which the commissioner distributes, and gathers orders. At the Easter fair, booksellers from all Germany, Sweden, Denmark, the Russian Baltic provinces, from the Netherlands, and even France and England, to the number, sometimes, of three hundred, meet at Leipzig, to settle their accounts; and this meeting has acquired additional importance by the establishment of the booksellers' exchange, a handsome building, which has just been completed. The number of book and music-sellers in Leipzig itself is one hundred and nineteen. There are twenty-three printing-offices: above forty millions of sheets are annually printed, and the sales of books brought to Leipzig every year amount, on an average, to 30,000,000 cwt.; the value of which is, however, not probably more than from £200,000 to £250,000.

THE CHARTER OAK.

HARTFORD is a very handsome country town. The streets are wide. One of the great objects of attraction here is the Charter Oak, which is still standing in the lower part of the town, and is said to have been a forest-tree before the land was cleared. The original charter to this state of Connecticut was demanded by Sir Edmund Andross, on the part of the English government, in 1687. The legislature had no alternative but to deliver it up. At the meeting appointed for that purpose, which was attended by the British agent, the candles in the room where the meeting was held in the evening were extinguished, and the charter seized by a citizen, who escaped and conveyed it to this tree, in which it remained till after the revolution. The charter is still preserved in the office of the secretary of state.—*Stuart's Travels in America*.

THE DESERT AND GARDEN.*

IMAGINE yourself in the interior of India, on one of those boundless plains which characterise the country called the Deccan. Here the eye stretches in vain for a limit, unless some rising hillock breaks the prospect. Neither fence, nor hedge, nor forest, interrupts the monotony of the scene. Not a tree relieves the eye, except it be near a well, or reservoir of water.

It was in the early part of June. Eight months had already elapsed since the fall of a single shower of rain. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a relic of former vegetation was to be seen, except where the soil had been artificially irrigated. Here and there a shade tree, or a fruit tree, whose roots penetrate far beneath the surface, can survive the dearth of the hot season. Dreariness and desolation cover the land on every side.

At an early hour we left our resting-place, a kind of caravansary. The atmosphere was slightly refreshing, though not cool. But no sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon, than we began to wither beneath the intensity of his rays. It was scarcely nine, when the hot wind, a kind of sirocco, commenced, which, added to the scorching of the heated earth, rendered travelling almost intolerable. We sought a place for shelter.

Casting our eyes to the left, we explored an immense waste plain, which apparently extended to the shore of an interminable ocean. Knowing well that we were in the interior of a great country, and far from sea, lake or river, we recognised, for the first time in this appearance, the *mirage*, or extraordinary optical illusion, formed by the refraction of a vertical sun, from the heated earth. So perfect is the deception, that deer, and other animals, have died from exhaustion while pursuing the retiring phantom.

But from the opposite side, we saw a reality, nearer at hand, and scarcely less wonderful. A verdant spot, fresh and blooming. Fragrance in the midst of desolation. A fertile island in the bosom of an ocean of sand. Spring amid the deadness of autumn. Worn by travel, and almost suffocated by dust and heat, we drew near as to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

How cheering amidst such desolation, how refreshing to the pilgrim beneath the rays of a tropical sun, to behold a green field, a cool, fair garden, whose trees bend with fruit, whose flowers diffuse perfume, whose atmosphere breathes the sublimity of a temperate clime. Hastening to this enchanted spot, we pitched our tent beneath the thick foliage and wide-spreading branches of a tamarind tree.

How changed the scene! It was a garden of several acres in extent. Every plant and flower, every shrub and tree, was clad in the richest verdure. Here was a compartment filled with healthful vegetables. Near it was ripening grain, corn in "the blade, or in the ear;" then a tuft of trees, loaded with blossoms, or enriched with perfected fruit. The tamarind, the mango, and the orange, the lemon and pomegranate, the citron and banana, were here in their glory. Here, also were the rose, the lily, the jessamine, and countless other flowers peculiar to the tropics, and the luxuriant vineyard, maturing its rich clusters. And among the embowering verdure, the warbling songsters found a pleasant retreat from the tyrant rage of an Indian sun.

What a contrast with the surrounding country! What a fulfilment of the sublime promise of the Hebrew prophet: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

But what caused this sudden springing forth of beauty? A fountain was there, deep and broad, sending forth copious streams to fructify the surrounding region. Fertility in the East depends much on an artificial supply of water. If this can be freely commanded, vegetation is rapid and abundant. The intense heat, and plentiful moisture, make even barrenness prolific. Seed-time and harvest meet. A succession of crops, thrice, or even four times in a year, are realised. Spring, summer, and autumn, blend in one continued harvest-hymn of praise.

The garden or field is usually divided into compartments of fifteen or twenty square feet. In the centre is a fountain or well, and near it a small reservoir. From thence, the main watercourse extends in some convenient direction, and smaller channels are led from it, in branches, to every separate compartment. The water

* By the REV. HOLLIS REED, formerly Missionary in India.

is raised by oxen, attached to a long rope, which passes over a windlass, and is made fast to an enormous leathern bucket. When a great quantity is thus thrown into the reservoir, it spontaneously flows into the principal channel, from whence the gardener conducts it at his pleasure. "The rivers of waters are in his hand; he turneth them whithersoever he will."

When the stream begins to flow from the reservoir, he stations himself at the channel which conveys it to the first compartment, and removing with his foot a slight mound of earth, directs thither as much water as is requisite for its irrigation. Closing that avenue, he proceeds to the second, thence to the third, and thus onward till all have been visited. This is repeated every morning and evening, and it matters little how large the field is, if the fountain contain a sufficient supply. But if the space to be irrigated is out of proportion, or the fountain diminished by drought, vegetation withers, or becomes extinct. The further you recede from the centre, the more blighted does everything appear. The water is too low, the impetus too feeble, to reach the remoter bounds. This constant and laborious process of cultivation explains the inspired description of a tropical region; where "thou sowest thy seed, and wateredst it *with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs."

We know that Lebanon was renowned for its sublime scenery; that its lofty cedars, its plantations of olive, its vineyards, producing the choicest wines, its crystal streams, its fertile vales, and odoriferous shrubberies, combined to form what, in the poetic style of prophecy, is called "its glory." Mount Carmel is proverbial, in the sacred volume, for its unfading verdure and surpassing fertility. Sharon, an extensive plain, to the south of Carmel, celebrated for its vines, flowers, and green pastures, and adorned in early spring with the white and red rose, the narcissus, the white and the orange lily, the carnation, and a countless variety of other flowers, with its groves of olive and sycamore, is but another name "for excellency" and beauty.

But what did the prophet intend to illustrate by these forcible and significant emblems? Doubtless a vision burst upon his mind, no less magnificent than the boundless dispersion of the waters of life, the reclaiming of a desert world, the clothing it with the golden fruits of immortality. Behold, in the heart of the wilderness, a fountain breaks forth. Sterility blossoms, desolation lifts up its head with "joy and singing."

Is not our earth as a great moral desert, whence the "glory and excellency" of Eden have departed? The fruits of righteousness shrink from its forbidden soil. Sin, by its fearful monopoly, sought to cover its whole face with tares. How shall this barren waste be redeemed from its desolation?

The wise landholder of the East, when he would reclaim a barren jungle to fertility, provides a fountain of water, lets out his ground to husbandmen, and makes them accountable for its improvement. Thus hath the Almighty provided in our moral desert, a fountain of the waters of life, fathomless, boundless, inexhaustible. "O, the *depth* of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God."

The mandate has gone forth, from his throne, that its waters be conveyed to the utmost regions of the thirsty earth. Is the fountain full? Are the gardeners, his ministering servants, ready to conduct its healing streams to the world's remotest bounds? Is the propelling power, the power of fervent, united, effectual prayer, forcing those living waters through all the fields of death?

Why then does not the wilderness put on her beautiful garments, and break forth in songs of gladness? Why is not the voice of heathen lamentation changed to the cheerfulness of health, and to the hope of glory?

Alas! the reservoir has not been kept full. The irrigation has been partial. Even the adjacent portions have not received their full supply: but to the remoter provinces, only here and there has a feeble streamlet been directed. The propelling force has been inadequate. The waters have sometimes been wasted on their course. They have often failed of their destined end. The gardeners are too few to conduct what the reservoir imparts.

Only here and there a spot regales us with the delights of spring, or the harvests of autumn. Only a few bring forth the "fruits of the spirit." A vast proportion of the desert is still unreclaimed. Especially are its most remote bounds left unvisited by the life-giving streams. Neither fertilised nor irrigated, they vegetate not, they blossom not: and yet the fountain is ever full, and the voice of God invites the utmost ends of the earth to drink of its living waters and thirst no more.

THE GOLD MINES OF GEORGIA, UNITED STATES.

THE imperfect condition of the machinery, and the disorganised state of the management of almost all the mines productive of the precious metals, affords a striking contrast to the admirable order and systematic mode of working observable in most of those productive of the (so-called) baser metals. These causes have tended extremely to keep up the value of the precious metals; for, if the working of the mines of Peru and Mexico were directed by the same scientific knowledge which gives effect to the efforts of the Cornish adventurer, silver spoons would quickly drive Britannia metal from the field, and our gold coinage would become almost as cumbrous as the Spanish dollar. Even in the state of Georgia, (the most southern of the United States, on the Atlantic,) where we might have expected the spirit of American enterprise would have been more active, we find the gold mines worked in the same rude and primitive manner as in the distracted countries of the South. The following account of a visit to them in the year 1835, is appended to Mrs. Gilman's "Poetry of Travelling," an amusing account of an American's tour of observation on her countrymen.

"From Athens, the seat of the State University, where I had attended a very creditable commencement, I directed my course towards Clarksville. This village, the seat of justice for Habersham county, is beautifully situated, in a most healthful and temperate region, near the mountains, whose blue summits rise in full view around it. The village itself is very pretty, with numerous well-built frame houses, and a brick court-house, in the middle of its square, according to the invariable plan of county-towns in Georgia. I arrived about noon on Sunday, and had the satisfaction of attending service in a building, comfortable and neat, though plain,—belonging, I believe, to the Methodist denomination, though on this occasion its pulpit was occupied by a clergyman of other sentiments. The next morning found me on the way to the mines, on horseback, and in agreeable company. We crossed the beautiful valley of Naucoochy, a spot which had been under cultivation long before the Whites became possessors of the soil, and probably even before it was occupied by the Cherokees. A small conical hill was pointed out to me, rising from the level of the valley, and supposed, with great probability, to be a work of art, and to contain the bones of some Indians of an earlier race. In another portion of this valley, the miners, last summer, while digging for gold, encountered beneath the soil unexpected vestiges of the hand of man. They disinterred a number of huts, constructed in the usual manner of log-houses, but with the remarkable circumstance that they were without doors or windows. These apertures are, in building log-huts, generally sawn out after the logs have been secured in their places; so the natural conclusion is, that this cantonment, commenced by some party, was, from some cause unknown, hastily abandoned before it was completed. But who were the builders? The most probable conjecture, perhaps, is that they were Spaniards, by whom it is well known, under the command of De Soto and others, Georgia was partially explored.

"After being deserted by their builders, it seems probable that these half-finished huts were for a time under water, and that Naucoochy valley was temporarily a lake, among the accumulating alluvium of which the huts were at last buried. The lake at length forced its way through its bank, and left, as at present, the valley intersected by a small stream.

"But I must leave Naucoochy, and, turning to the left, cross a branch of the Chatahoochee, and make my way along the side of Mount Yonah; now no longer inhabited by the *bears*, from which it derives its name.* It was my object to spend a few days with a friend who had made his home in this region; and with him and his acquaintances I learned that warm hearts and cultivated minds can live in log-cabins and deal in gold. It was not long after arriving at my place of destination, before I walked forth to visit a gold mine. The first which I saw was one of the alluvial or deposit mines. These are found along the banks of rivulets or 'branches,' and the gold is separated by the simple process of washing. For my gratification, a workman went through this process in its simplest form, that of 'panning.' This is merely to fill an iron pan with the gravel among which the gold is found, and to stir the pan about with the hands for some time, under water, throwing out the gravel from time to time. The metal, by this process, sinks to the bottom of the vessel, and the workman comes

* Yonah, in Cherokee, signifies bear.

to us last with nothing in his pan visible at first sight except a little black sand. On narrowly inspecting this sand, however, you discover here and there a bright yellow speck, which is pure gold.

"This process of panning is of course slow and laborious; very little of the gravel can thus be washed at a time. But in this manner the gold-diggers at first laboured: to expedite the business, however, a machine is now commonly used, called a rocker. One of these machines finds employment for ten or twelve men, who are commonly negroes. You see three or four at work in digging out the gravel, which lies commonly about two feet under the surface, and composes, itself, a stratum of the same thickness. Two or three are employed in carrying the gravel in wheelbarrows to the rocker. One is occupied in shovelling it from the barrows to the machine, others keep the machine in motion, and another, with a large rake, distributes the gravel over its surface. The upper part of the rocker is very like a coarse sieve, and the gravel being thrown on it, and washed with water from the stream, which continually runs upon it, the smaller particles, among which is the gold, fall through the sieve into a box, where they are still further washed until the water runs out. This lower box contains a quantity of quicksilver, which, as you well know, attracts other metals and combines with them. This quicksilver therefore seizes the small particles of gold from among the sand and water with which it is still mingled; and at night the owner of the mine finds in his machine a mass of amalgamated quicksilver and gold. He may then have the metal in a pure state by exposing the whole to a strong heat.

"By far the greater number of mines at present wrought in Georgia are deposit or surface veins; since the hill or vein mines, though richer in the precious metal, require more machinery than most gold-seekers can command. In these latter, the metal exists not interspersed among gravel, but deeply imbedded in rock; and in order to obtain it, the rock must be broken out and reduced to powder before the process of washing can be commenced. I have not yet seen any works in full operation for the performance of this process. I visited, however, a few days after the time mentioned in my last, a lot where extensive and very costly preparations were making for the purpose. A small hill had been pierced with holes from above, and in various directions around its base, till it looked like a colander; but this part of the work had been abandoned for another attempt.

"I entered one of the openings, with a guide who carried a torch. On each side of me were deep pits, full to the top with water. Quantities of rock, however, had been cut out, from which, perhaps, before this, gold had been procured. The workmen were at the time engaged on another and larger opening,—a shaft about twelve feet square, and, at the time I saw it, perhaps forty feet deep. This was half full of water, which the 'hands' were baling out by the barrel-full, with the aid of machinery. I was told that the owner expected to penetrate about a hundred feet deeper before he touched the wealthy vein, but that when that had been reached its profits would be incalculable.

"When I looked into the yawning gulf before me, where the flow of water suspended the possibility of further excavation, I did not envy him his prospect. The same morning I visited a rich deposit mine, belonging to the same gentleman. Here I was shown some very beautiful and valuable specimens of virgin gold, by which term the metal is designated when found pure, and in pieces of sufficient size to secure it without the use of quicksilver. A steam-engine had been erected here, for effecting more rapidly the process of washing: but it had been found on trial inferior to the rockers, and it now lay useless and motionless, like the carcase of a slain mammoth.

"Another method of obtaining gold has been resorted to by some enterprising men. This is, to search for the precious metal the sands of the rivers and smaller streams. In some instances the course of the water has been turned, and its ancient channel laid bare to the eye of industry: elsewhere machines are employed to draw up from the bottom of the river the precious deposit. The Chestatee and Cane Creek especially appear to rival the ancient Pactolus, to which (according to the fable) king Midas, by bathing in its waters, imparted his own power of making gold. I hope Georgia is not destined to exemplify in other respects the truth of that most ingenious and instructive fiction. May she never, like Midas, find her wealth a curse, and, losing the habits of regular productive industry, starve in the midst of uncounted riches, like the unhappy king who could not touch an article of food without turning it into gold!

"The danger, however, which existed of such a result is, I trust, decreasing. The mode adopted by Georgia, of disposing of the lately acquired territory by lottery, gave, it is to be feared, too great encouragement to unprincipled speculators; and among the population who first crowded in upon that region, there were many who would scarcely have been tolerated anywhere else. With them, however, were others of correct principles and unexceptionable conduct; and, as the wildness of a new settlement gradually wears away, the Gold Region assumes and maintains more and more the aspect of an orderly, moral, and religious community. The first excitement which attended the discovery of the metallic treasures in our country has worn off; and it is perceived that, with a few remarkable exceptions both on the favourable and on the unfavourable side, gold-mining is like any other form of honest labour: he who works hard may expect moderate prosperity; he who is idle will fail of success. I may add, however, that to the lover of nature the view is more agreeable, of a field of waving grain or flowering cotton, than of turbid streams, muddy ditches, and exhausted, squalid, and sickly negroes. Whatever evils, however, attend this branch of industry will gradually give way. The deposit mines will, before many years, be exhausted; and in the vein mines, which may be regarded as the permanent wealth of that section, the use of machinery will probably supersede the cause which renders mining at present unhealthy. This cause I consider to be the necessity of working much in water. But the miners have at present a free circulation of air and a fine climate; they are not pent up within the walls of a factory, nor are they exposed to the dangerous vapours of a level soil. Thus Providence apportions among different climes and occupations the advantages and disadvantages of life."

We see here a vast field for the exercise of skill and capital, and we may reasonably expect that they will be attracted to it, and by their combined operations render Georgia a formidable rival to the previous occupants of the bullion market. Besides natural advantages, she possesses the unspeakable blessing of a free but settled government, the most favourable for the development of all the resources of a country. There the capitalist may risk his money in undisturbed confidence; whilst the unhappy inhabitants of Mexico and Peru are constantly in dread of seeing the hard-earned produce of their toils torn from their grasp by revolutionary tyrants.

ITALIAN FESTIVAL.

HAVING been told that a religious celebration, in a neighbouring village on the sea-shore, was well worth seeing, we drove there. A vast number of peasants, male and female, attired in their fête-day dresses, formed of such varied and bright colours, that at a distance they looked like a moving parterre filled with tulips, first attracted our attention. The women wore richly embroidered bodices and white petticoats; their hair braided exactly as I have seen that of an antique statue, and crowned with flowers and large combs, or bodkins of gold filagree. Their ear-rings, of the same costly material, nearly descended to the shoulders; and around their necks were chains, from which hung crosses and medallions, with the images of Madonnas and saints. They wore large rings, resembling the shields used by ladies to preserve their fingers when employed at needle-work; and shoes of the most brilliant colours, with silver buckles that nearly covered the fronts of them. These gay dresses formed a striking contrast with the sombre black and brown robes of the monks; and the gold brocaded vestments and stoles of the priests were as admirably relieved by the snowy surplices of the boys who attended them. The procession moved along under an arcade of green foliage erected for the occasion, on the sea-shore, the waves approaching to its very limit; and their gentle murmur, as they broke on the sand, mingling with the voices of the multitude as they chanted a sonorous hymn. The blue sky above, and the placid azure sea, by the side of which the procession advanced, with the sunbeams glancing through the open arches of foliage, on the bright colours of the dresses of the priests and women, formed a beautiful picture; from which not even the deaths' heads, nor grotesque images of saints and martyrs, could detract. The monks, bearing these sad mementoes of mortality, wore cowls, with holes cut for the eyes, and cross-bones painted on their breasts. Some of them held banners on which were represented various insignia of death; the whole scene reminding one of the old "mysteries" of the middle ages, in which the pomps and vanities of life were contrasted by the ghastly images of the grave.—*Lady Blessington.*

SEA SONGS OF THE SAILORS.

"It was on the first of August, about noontide of the day,
That we got a sight of the French fleet, at anchor as they lay."

"Bold Nelson made the signal for his ships to quickly close,
Before bright Phœbus disappeared they felt some British blows;
L'Orient we set on fire, the Convention's only pride,
She show'd us a light on that good night the battle to decide."

Forecastle Song.

As very fallacious notions exist respecting the style of sailors' songs,—many supposing they are selected from the budget of Dibdin, or from the nautical pieces enacted at the theatre,—we shall endeavour to describe them as *really sung* by our Jack tars at sea.

It is only within these twenty or thirty years that Dibdin's admirable lyrics have been known to seamen—even now they are by no means popular, and probably will never supersede the old ballads, which, not being printed, are preserved by oral descent from generation to generation, like the traditions of nations in remote periods. During the last war we rarely knew Dibdin's songs chanted on the fore-castle, although most of them were familiar to the officers, and must have been sometimes heard by the men at the theatres of seaport towns, where nautical pieces were sure to attract their attention. Sailors have, however, an abundant stock composed by themselves, of less pretension, but better suited to their taste, from one of the best of which we have taxed our memory with the portion which heads these remarks: and regret that we cannot recollect, or by any means procure, the whole of that ballad, which most graphically describes the events connected with the glorious victory of the Nile.

Some years ago, a controversy arose respecting the effect which Dibdin's songs had produced upon sailors, and the claims put forth by the friends of the author for a pension on that account. We believe that the verdict was so far awarded in favour of the poet, as to obtain for him the pension; for every one will admit that his stirring ballads had a powerful tendency to excite feelings of enterprise, heroism, and generosity, in the young aspirant for naval fame. That they had any effect upon the generality of common sailors—the long-tailed jack-tars, who gained for the British seaman the reputation he enjoys—we utterly deny, seeing that not one in a hundred of them could recite a line of his composition: and we shall endeavour to show that the style of their sea-songs is very different, relating merely to practical events, and seldom alluding to those points which Dibdin delights in, and which lead people to suppose that "Saturday Night at Sea" is appropriated to carousal and pledging "sweethearts and wives;" all which, and much more to the same tune, has no existence, except in the fertile imagination of the lyricist*.

We have now before us a score or two of the songs usually sung by sailors at sea during the last war; they are for the most part taken down from oral delivery, or transcribed by seamen themselves in a style of caligraphy, orthography, and—if the truth must be told—of cacophony, difficult for any but the initiated to interpret. We recollect their effect, the attention they excited, when chanted to tunes never yet reduced to scale or gamut, but which, like our popular rustic ballads, have endured for generations.

It was, we believe, Fletcher of Saltoun who observed, nearly a century and a half ago, that any one might make the laws, so that he had the making of the national ballads. Who is there that cannot, to the remotest period of his life, revert to the nursery rhymes which engaged his childish attention; or ever forget, or wholly repudiate the impressions they produced? We believe, moreover, that the more homely the ideas and images, the more powerful the effect; and that, although polished couplets have their influence on minds cultivated to receive and appreciate the beauties of composition, the general and vulgar understanding is more attracted by such songs as, "There was a brisk young sailor, from Dover he came," or "The girl I left behind me;" than it would be by Dryden's *chef-d'œuvre*, "St. Cecilia's Day," Gray's "Elegy," or Collins's "Ode on the Passions," however impressively recited. These masterpieces are like the polished periods of eloquent divines, inappropriate for general influence,

* What we have stated in the eighth article of "The British Navy," regarding the daily routine at sea, will show that it is impossible such scenes could be enacted. In fact, we never heard mention of the "flowing can," and presume it is adopted for the sake of rhyming with "lovely Nan." Kids (buckets) and pannikins (tin pots) are the utensils used by sailors to hold their grog or beer.

and therefore ineffective on a humble audience: and it is for this reason that the ballads we shall instance, being more readily understood, are better appreciated by sailors than lyrics of poetical merit, and continue to hold place in their favour.

But we have invariably remarked, that the popular songs of the jack-tars, although deficient even in point of harmony, besides setting at defiance the rules of syntax, and luxuriating in every sort of metre or measure, with utter contempt of prosody, are nevertheless constructed upon the critic's rules. This is a fact worthy of attention, for it is produced by an innate principle of genius, as of course they must be considered entirely ignorant of the elaborate dictates laid down by the critics.

The burden of their songs being generally the relation of a battle, a shipwreck, or some exciting event, they may be considered in the light of humble epics: and, rough as they appear, it is a curious speculation to test them after this fashion. Their general design appears to commence with an invocation to the muse, or an appeal to the attention of the listener, sometimes dashing into *medias res* in the approved fashion, but always detailing most graphically a chase and a battle, winding up with effusions of loyalty and patriotism, not forgetting a health to the commander.

Our sea-songs seldom embrace more than the time of one day; when they do, it is but to record the events immediately preliminary to the *action*, instead of introducing them in long-winded episodes, as Virgil and Milton have done, for the sake of effect in the opening; all which trickery is utterly beneath Jack's straightforward purpose; and in this respect his plan has been imitated by Byron, who protests against the practice, "as the worst of sinning," and begins his celebrated epic "at the beginning," with the birth, parentage, and education of his hero*.

But, to be serious. The collection of ballads before us is valuable, not only by portraying the real sentiments of seamen, as expressed by themselves—for Dibdin has only described these feelings as *he* conceived they would or should be expressed—but as detailing a number of events, connected with naval battles, that have never appeared in history; we mean relating to the conduct of particular ships, and the honest and impartial *opinions of the seamen* regarding matters which have heretofore been canvassed on the partial evidence of the commanders, or so much of the public despatches as have been permitted to see the light.

We proceed to describe the manner in which our sea-songs and the "long yarns," about which our readers have often heard, are delivered at sea. The early half of the first watch on the fore-castle being the time and place usually selected for this purpose, a group is formed around the singer, or yarn-spinner, and up to ten o'clock the practice is permitted in all ships. It generally happens that the yarn-spinning particularly is continued to a much later hour; and even in the middle watch, if a good hand is willing to "spin," he seldom wants an audience.

We recollect a foretopman, a kind of nautical Shahrazâd, whose budget was inexhaustible, and who never wearied at his task, dealing in continuations night after night, with a pertinacity equal to the celebrated Sultana. He was—and the declaration is a bold one, seeing that we have been associated with sailors for thirty years and more—the most inveterate yarn-spinner that ever we encountered withal; and, what is remarkable, his name was Selkirk,—an adopted cognomen, we suppose, but by such he rejoiced to be distinguished, and he probably took this *Purser's*† name out of respect to his great prototype. The adventures of Robinson Crusoe were nothing in comparison to the real and imaginary ones related by our hero as having occurred to himself, on shore and afloat, and being "a fellow of infinite humour," he never failed to suit his discourse to his audience, who so "seriously did incline," they they used to draw lots who should take his look-out duty, or spell at the wheel, in order to leave him at

* The noble poet was indebted to his frequent sojourn on board ships of war for the imagination of some of his most brilliant passages. Many will occur to the reader; but he may be surprised to learn, that the noble stanza in *Childe Harold*, commencing "Existence might be borne," was conceived from hearing the usual recommendation to "grin and bear it," addressed to a youngster, who was regretting his hard lot; and we have heard that the contemplation of a mast-headed midshipman, and the complacency with which he viewed things below, gave rise to another beautiful stanza in the same poem, commencing, "He who ascends to mountain tops."

† Seamen are fond of changing their names as well as ships. During the war, when pressed men embraced every opportunity to desert, they adopted different aliases to avoid discovery if re-pressed, or accused as deserters. The alias was given to the purser, to be entered on the ship's book. Hence the derivation of "purser's name."

liberty to amuse his hearers. We recollect the officer of the watch—now a captain near the head of the list, covered with honours and titles—would condescend himself to become a listener; and during the stillness of the night, when the ship was under easy sail, and in her station in the fleet, he would lean over the rails, enjoying the tales, descriptions of battles, shipwrecks, ghosts, &c. &c., occasionally relieved by a ballad, probably the narrator's own composition, and chanted to one of those rollocking tunes which sailors delight in. On these occasions our worthy never failed to receive a glass of grog, by order of the lieutenant.

The man had in fact seen a great deal of the world, and no doubt encountered many vicissitudes of fortune. By his own account, he had been a slave at Algiers, and passed through some uncommon adventures amongst the Moors. Our impression is, that he was a cockney seaman, who, by reading tales of fancy, had acquired a good deal of information on these points; that, possessing an inventive imagination, and a genius for yarn-spinning, and finding his exertions applauded, and himself a general favourite, he concocted during the day the subjects of his nightly recitation. Be this as it may, he unquestionably possessed the faculty, in an eminent degree, and answered pretty well to the description which Byron has drawn of such a character, though with a less refined taste. However, if he could not produce a masterpiece like the noble ode to "The Isles of Greece," he would, when requested, "sing some sort of lay like this to ye :—"

Come all ye seamen stout and bold, come listen to my song,
It is worth your whole attention, I will not keep you long,
For it is of a British squadron, that sailed from Cadiz bay,
Under Sir Horatio Nelson, on the twenty-fourth of May.

We had thirteen small ships of the line, our fleet it was no more,
Beside a fifty and a brig, to search the Straits all o'er,
And in search of the proud French fleet, our meaning it was good,
And with the wind at west, my boys, our course for Naples stood.

But when we came to Naples, no tidings could we hear,
Then for the Isle of Sicily accordingly did steer;
And coming to Messina, and passing through Phæarce*,
To our great satisfaction, of the French fleet we did hear.

They had passed by that island but a few days before,
We crowded all the sail we could, and after them we bore;
And when we cleared that island, a strange sail we did see,
Gave chase and overhauled her, and she proved a royal galley.

She told us Malta taken was, and the French were under weigh,
And gone, with many troops on board, to Alexandria.
Then we crowded all the sail we could, and after them we steer'd,
But when we came to Alexandria no news of them we hear'd.

Grief'd at this disappointment, our ships their wind did haul,
And boldly beating down the Straits, at Syracuse did call:
We watered all our warlike ships, and did refresh our men,
And when we had completed this, we put to sea again.

Then back to Alexandria we steer'd immediately,
And when that we came off that town French colours we did spy;
But the evening being far advanced, our ships haul'd from the shore;
Then we espied the fleet of France, distant four leagues or more.

They had thirteen stout ships of the line, and four frigates strongly manned,
Resolved we were to fight them, so in for them did stand;
It was the first of August, upon that glorious day,
That we began this action, all in Aboukir Bay.

The Goliath brave she led the van, the action she began;
The next ship was the Zealous, Captain Hood did her command;
The next it was the Theseus, with all her jovial crew;
She was followed by the Vanguard, which made the French to rue.

The Audacious and Minotaur, my boys, Majestic and Defence,
Bellerophon and Orion, a terror to the French,
For we anchored alongside of them, like lions bold and free,
And their yards and masts came tumbling down, a glorious sight to see.

The next was the Leander, that noble fifty-four,
Alongside of the Franklin she made her cannon roar;
She gave them such a drubbing, and so sorely them did maul,
As made them loud for quarter cry, and down their colours haul.

Now that famed and glorious pride of France, the L'Orient was call'd,
Being in the centre of the fleet, she was severely maul'd,
For she got a dreadful drubbing, took fire, and up she blew,
With fifteen hundred souls on board, that bade the world adieu.

Then early the next morning, the Zealous was dismiss'd,
For to go down to leeward, the Bellerophon to assist;
For she in the action lost her masts, the truth I tell to you,
Which made her drift to leeward, but we saved both ship and crew.

* Meaning Pharos.

Now six of them to England's gone, God speed them on the way,
And seven more we sank and burnt before we left the Bay;
May we ever prove successful, whilst we sail upon the seas,
Against the fleets of France and Spain, and our King's enemies.

So now the action's over, and all I've said is true,
Here's a health unto our Nelson, rear-admiral of the blue,
And to every valiant officer belonging to the fleet,
Likewise to every British tar, that did so boldly fight.

The reader cannot but perceive how graphically the pursuit and the battle is related in the above. The following description of a shipwreck is still more minute :—

Come, all you young men, that follows the sea,
Likewise you ship owners of every degree;
I'll tell you of a transport that was cast away,
A-taking out of troops to North America.

'Twas in the port of Liverpool, the ship was lying there,
Waiting for to put to sea, when the wind did come fair:
The Earl of Bath the ship was called, her master's name was Hicks;
A full-rigged bark, A, number one, her tons three hundred and six.

Everything is here recorded, the ship's name, even her classification at Lloyd's, and the name of the master, Hicks, which is made to rhyme most appropriately to three hundred and six, being the amount of her tonnage. Then comes a description of the embarkation :—

The drums, and fifes, and trumpets, so sweetly they did play,
As the soldiers marched in order down unto the quay.

And the account of the parting is most affecting :—

It was a pitiful sight to hear the soldiers' wives,
Lamenting for their husbands they loved better than their lives;
The children crying mammy dear, we all shall rue the day,
Our daddies was sent to fight the rebels in North America.

It would appear, by the first line of the above stanza, that sailors possess the faculty attributed to pigs, who are supposed to see the wind; or probably our worthy intended a hit at the poet who expressed himself thus :—

What sound was that which dawned a bleating hue,
And blush'd a sigh?

After exposing the obduracy of "Hicks," in refusing to take to sea any portion of the women or children, for he answers their entreaties to that effect,

—with a frown, saying you must go on shore,
For my ship she is deep laden, and I cannot take no more,

we have the bold declaration of the troops, who, undismayed by the behaviour of their wives and little ones, magnanimously resolve to

—disregard their tommyhawks, likewise their scalping knives,
And against these cruel savages will risk our precious lives;
We'll charge them with our hagonets, we'll show them British play,
And conquer those bold rebels in the North America.

Then comes the sailing of the vessel, and the shipwreck, detailed in true nautical style; but we cannot follow it out for the space of some two or three dozen verses; nothing of interest is omitted, and it winds up with an effusion of loyalty, and a hope for a successful termination to the war against the bold rebels in "North America."

It is but seldom, however, that our sea poets introduce allusions to the fidelity of their wives; on the contrary, if the truth must be told, they are pretty general believers in the "inconstancy of woman," a mode of thinking they have doubtless acquired from their rambling life and habits. Although many of them have been round the world, they may be said, as was said of Anson, to have been little in it; but they are not altogether divested of that sort of knowledge which is acquired

In Nature's good old college.

Here is a very popular sea-song, which we have heard chanted in several versions: the following we believe to be the one as originally composed in unmeasurable alexandrines, and it is a proof that the nauticals are acquainted with every measure of verse, although they disdain to adhere closely to any, occasionally varying the metre in the same song, or disregarding it altogether :—

On the fourteenth day of February, we weigh'd anchor, and sail'd away
from Spithead,

The Lark, the Lion, and the Salisbury, their colours all so gaily did spread;
And as boldly we steer'd down channel together, the wind it did blow very
hard,

And from the strength of the gale, the sea, and the weather, the Commodore
sprung his main-yard.

We left the old Lion, and Salisbury, under their balanced mizens to lie,
And bearing away before the gale, resolved its fury to try;
But about four o'clock the next morning, our main-mast went over the side,
The fore-top mast, being sprung, followed after, and throw'd two men into
the tide.

Now having such very bad weather, we determined for harbour to run,
And upon the same evening we got sight of the rugged old rock of Lisbon;
A signal we made for a pilot, but no boat could live on that day;
"Then we'll wear," cried our bold commander, "for with this sea she never
will stay; and we'll try and get into the bay."

Thus spoke Henry Johnson, and said, "This day a bold pilot I'll be,
So mind a small helm, my lad, and keep her end on for the sea."
And soon between the Catchops we ran, and anchored in Lisbon again,
There we got masts, yards, wine, water, and bread,—and what reason have
we to complain?

Let but the reader remark the quantity of matter contained in
the last line, ending with a philosophic reflection, quite in character.
Another popular song is the following:—

Come, all you jolly seamen bold, as ploughs the raging main,
A brother tar will give you a little bit of a strain:
'Tis of brave Admiral Boscawen, his courage gains applause,
For nobly he has fought for our honour and our laws.

Then comes a full and particular account of falling in with the
French fleet, hoisting white ensigns (the French colours) to deceive
them. The admiral making the signal for engaging (red at the
fore), and the following jeer at the conduct of the Edgar and
America, which ships are represented to have fought shy on
that occasion:—

Now there's the saucy Edgar, she must not be forgot,
She edged away to leeward, and so got out of gun shot:
Likewise the bold America, to windward lay that day,
With her maintop-sail to the mast, all for to see fair play.

The last verse—

Now five two-decked ships were taken, and seven got away,
And a ship full of troops was run ashore, and burnt in Lagos Bay;
The Centaur's gone to Gibraltar, her damages to repair,
And I heartily hope that by this time she's safe arrived there.

We can assure our readers, that these, and such as these, are
the songs which sailors delight in; and it is by their effect, and
not anything that Dibdin's lyrics have produced *afloat*, that the
principles of loyalty, patriotism, contempt of enemies, and generosity
to a conquered foe, have been stimulated in the bosom of
the British seaman.

IRISH PARTY SPIRIT.

WHAT must strike a stranger most in a visit to this country, if
he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of
that useful quality, common sense, in the inhabitants. As in
quarrels between man and wife there are generally faults on both
sides, so it is in the dissensions between different classes in poor
Ireland. There are faults everywhere. The Protestants, Roman
Catholics, landowners, and peasants, high and low, rich and poor,
are all more violent, more full of party-spirit,—in short, more
angry,—than in any other country. It seems as if there were
something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to
the growth of common sense and moderation in its inhabitants,
and which is not without an influence even on those who go there
with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality.
* * Every one who comes among the Irish is immediately
hooked into some party; and, unless he possess a most independent
mind, and a sufficiency of self-confidence to enable him to see
with his own eyes, he is sure to judge of everything according to
the ideas of that party with which he happens to associate. This
is the origin of those strange and contradictory reports which are
in circulation as to the state of Ireland. Common sense, I repeat,
is lamentably wanted; and this occasions all other wants. Want
of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of
every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or
left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs
the path to the cabin,—in the smoke which finds an outlet through
every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks
which are worn in the hottest day in summer; in the manner a
peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally
done by folding her cloak—her only cloak—round it, and thus
throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course
to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too,
under the great heavy coat which the men wear during violent
exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand
ways.—*Lady Chatterton.*

CANE-SUGAR AND BEET-SUGAR.*

NO. I.—HISTORY AND STATISTICS OF CANE-SUGAR.

WITHIN the present century has commenced a revolution,
which may prove of very different importance from what has yet
generally been supposed, in respect to a leading article in the com-
merce and domestic economy of civilised men. It has now arrived
at a stage, at which it furnishes some data for answering the
questions, how far it is likely to proceed, and what are to be its
permanent effects upon the employment, subsistence, comfort,
and wealth of nations.

The commercial and economical importance of sugar is of modern
date. It was known to the Greeks and Romans as a medicinal
substance, but not as food or a condiment. Herodotus informs us
that the Zygantes, a people of Africa, had, "besides honey of bees,
a much greater quantity made by men." This was probably sugar,
but not brought to a state of crystallization. Nearchus, the
admiral of Alexander, "discovered concerning canes, that they
make honey without bees." Megasthenes, quoted by Strabo,
speaks, 300 B.C., of "Indian stone, sweeter than figs and honey."
Theophrastus, in a fragment preserved by Photius, describes sugar
as "a honey contained in reeds." Eratosthenes, also cited by
Strabo, and after him, Terentius Varro, are supposed to have meant
sugar-canes by "roots of large reeds growing in India, sweet to
the taste, both when raw and when boiled, and affording, by
pressure, a juice incomparably sweeter than honey."

Near the commencement of the Christian era, sugar was first
mentioned under an appropriate name and form. "In India and
Arabia Felix," writes Dioscorides, "a kind of concrete honey is
called *saccharon*. It is found in reeds, and resembles salt in solidity
and in friableness betwixt the teeth." After this, so learned a man
as Seneca fell back into fable on this subject. His account is this:
"It is said that in India honey is found on the leaves of reeds, either
deposited there by the dews of heaven, or regenerated in the sweet
juice and fatness of the reed itself." Pliny, whose special study
led him to look more carefully into the matter, gives all that the
ancients knew about it, and a little more. "Arabia," he observes,
"produces *saccharum*, but not so good as India. It is a honey
collected on reeds, like the gums. It is white, crumbles in the
teeth, and when largest is of the size of a hazel-nut. It is used
in medicine only."

The Jewish histories make no mention of sugar. The only sweet
condiment, used by the Hebrews, was honey. But it may have
been in part "honey made by men;" for the Rabbins understand
thereby not only the honey of bees, but also syrups, made from
the fruit of the palm-tree.

During several centuries succeeding the Augustan age, no extension
of the knowledge or use of sugar appears to have taken place.
It is occasionally spoken of, but to the same effect as by the Greek
physicians of that age. So late as the seventh century, Paul of
Ægina calls it "India salt," and borrows the description of
Archigenes.

At this time a new power appeared on the theatre of nations.
The Saracens conquered and occupied western Asia, northern
Africa, and southern Europe. Their empire was scarcely inferior
to that of Rome in the period of her greatest prosperity and
rapacity. They pushed their conquests to the Garonne and the
Rhône, to Amalfi, and the islands of the Levant and the Ægean
sea; and Europe owes to them the use of sugar.

One of the Christian historians of the Crusades, in the year
1100, states, that the soldiers of the Cross found in Syria certain
reeds, called *canamiles*, of which it was reported, that a kind of
wild honey was made. Another, in 1108, says: "The crusaders
found honey-reeds in great quantity in the meadows of Tripoli,
in Syria, which reeds were called *sucra*. These they sucked, and
were much pleased with the taste thereof, and could scarcely be
satisfied with it. This plant is cultivated with great labour of the
husbandman every year. At the time of the harvest they bruise
it, when ripe, in mortars, and set by the strained juice in vessels
until it is concentered in the form of snow or salt." The same
historian relates that eleven camels laden with sugar were captured
by the Christians. A similar adventure happened to Richard
Cœur-de-Lion, in the second crusade. A third writer, in 1124,
tells us, that "in Syria reeds grow that are full of honey; by which
is meant a sweet juice, which, by pressure of a screw engine, and
concentered by fire, becomes sugar." These are the earliest notices

* Abridged from the North American Review, for April, 1839.

of the method of making sugar; and they refer to an apparatus and to processes used in the Saracen empire, and not known at that time, so far as European records show, to be used anywhere else. At the same time sugar was made at Tyre in Syria, then subject to the Saracens; and in 1169, that city is mentioned as "famous for excellent sugar."

The island of Sicily was the first spot upon which the sugar-cane is known to have been planted in Europe, though it is altogether likely, that it was planted by the Moors full as early, if not earlier, in Spain and Portugal. That island was conquered by the Saracens in the early part of the ninth century, and was retaken by the Normans at the close of the eleventh. Immediately after that event we find that large quantities of sugar were made there. According to records still extant, William, the second king of Sicily, in 1166, made a donation to the convent of St. Benedict of "a sugar-mill, with all the workmen, privileges, and appurtenances thereto belonging."

If it was the crusaders who brought the sugar culture to Europe, how happened it, seeing that they were collected from all Europe, that no other part of that continent except Spain in the hands of the Arabs, and no other island of the Mediterranean except Crete, captured in the year 823, by an expedition from Spain, were favoured with that invaluable donation? It was not until three hundred years later, that it found its way into Cyprus, Rhodes, and the Morea; and this extension was not owing to rural tastes, or the spirit of improvement among the feudal barbarians, but to the commercial enterprise of the Venetians, who had for a long time carried on a lucrative trade in the article with India, Syria, Egypt, and Sicily, and were now, by conquest or purchase, the possessors of Crete, and the latter seats of the sugar culture above mentioned.

The use of alkalies, in the clarification of the juice of the cane, was an invention of the Arabs. The original raw sugar of the East was debased by a mixture of mucilaginous matter, which opposed itself to the crystallization of the sugar, and determined it to a speedy decomposition after it was crystallized. To this day the Eastern sugar, except where the manufacture is directed by Europeans, or where the product has been converted by the Chinese into what we commonly call "rock candy," is much inferior to that of the West in purity, and in strength of grain. The only clarification which the liquor appears to have undergone in the hand of the Eastern manipulators, was by skimming during the processes of evaporation and boiling. And, if we may judge from the imperfect and loose descriptions of modern travellers, this is the extent of their knowledge at the present day. They seem to know no other method of clarification in making sugar, and no art of refining except that of making candy.

We have seen that the Arabs had the art of cultivating the cane, and converting it into sugar. We know that sugar-canes, called "the chief ornament of Moorish husbandry," are still cultivated in Spain, and the manufacture of sugar carried on. It is likewise made in large quantities on the river Suz, in Morocco; and, at Teycut or Tatiab, constitutes a leading article of traffic with caravans, which traverse the great desert, and vend it in Timbuctoo and other markets of Central Africa. Sugar is still a production of considerable importance in Egypt, particularly in the district of Fayoum, and, until lately, the Seraglio at Constantinople was furnished thence with the nicest refined sugar. In 1560, sugar was imported at Antwerp from Portugal and Barbary. At the same period it was an article of extensive manufacture and traffic at Thebes, Darotta, and Dongola in Nubia and Upper Egypt. All these are undoubtedly the remains of the Arabian plantations.

It has been a subject of much dispute, whether the sugar-cane was introduced into America from Europe, Asia, or Africa, or whether it is indigenous there. The former is the opinion of all the historians of the old world, the latter of all the explorers of the new. Edwards reconciles them by supposing that both are true, which seems to be the most reasonable conclusion. It would be as absurd to suppose that the early European settlers of America would fail to carry that plant, with whose great value and agreeable uses they had just become well acquainted, to their new abode, especially when they were growing and were worked up in great quantities in the Canaries, whence all the adventurers were accustomed to take their departure, as it would to question the authority of the writers, who positively affirm the fact. On the other hand, it would be an extravagant stretch of incredulity to doubt the clear testimony of the many eye-witnesses, who declare, that they found

native sugar-canes in Guadalupe, St. Vincent, Brazil, on the La Plata, and on the Mississippi; or the demonstration of Cook and Bougainville, who brought a native and valuable variety from the Friendly Islands to the British and French West Indies.

It is asserted by some, that the plant was carried from Brazil to St. Domingo, having been previously brought to the former from the Portuguese kingdom of Angola, where it is still cultivated, or from the Portuguese possessions in Asia, where Vasco de Gama, and his successors, the conquerors of a great part of India, found sugar in abundance. Whencesoever the sugar-cane came to St. Domingo, or whether it came at all, it is certain that a company of sugar-makers were carried from Palm Island, one of the Canaries, to establish the manufacture in that oldest, except Brazil, of the American settlements.

It is an interesting fact that the art of sugar-making, propagated, we must conclude, both east and west from Asia, now completed, in opposite directions, the circumnavigation of the globe; for, a few years after this establishment in St. Domingo, Cortez found, that both syrup and sugar were made from the stalks of maize, by the natives of Mexico, and sold in their markets. The aborigines of Virginia, and probably of all North America, had the knowledge of making sugar from the juice of the maple. From them the Anglo-American settlers undoubtedly derived it.

In 1643, the English began the sugar-business in Barbadoes, and in 1648, the French, in Guadalupe. The Dutch, expelled from Brazil, where they manufactured sugar in the sixteenth century, took refuge in Curaçoa, St. Eustatia, and other islands, and finally, upon the exchange of New Amsterdam for English Guiana, in Surinam. To all these they transferred a branch of industry, which they had learned to practise, and knew how to appreciate.

It is not known at what time the use of sugar began in England. It was probably as late as the fourteenth century. At that time it begins to take, in trope and verse, the place which honey had occupied, without a rival, since Moses and Homer. Chaucer uses the epithet "sugreed over." The chamberlain of Scotland, in 1329, speaks of loaves of sugar sold in that country at one ounce of silver, equal to four American dollars, per pound. In 1333, white sugar appears among the household expenses of Humbert, a nobleman of Vienne, and it is mentioned by Eustace Deschamps as among the heaviest expenses of housekeeping. George Peale tells us, that sugar with wine was a common drink in the sixteenth century. It did not become an article of ordinary consumption until the beginning of the seventeenth century. At that period, the Venetians imported it from Sicily and Egypt, and probably produced it in Cyprus, Crete, and the Morea. One of their countrymen, about two centuries before, had invented the art of refining, for which he received the sum of one hundred thousand ducats, equal to three or four hundred thousand dollars at the present time. Previously to this they had pursued the Chinese method, and made candy only. This inventor adopted the cones from the Arabians, and probably obtained from their manner of clarification the idea, upon which he so far improved as to effect at last the complete purification of his product. It was from the Venetian refineries that France and England procured their small and high-priced supplies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

By the creation of sugar plantations in the Portuguese and Spanish islands of Madeira, St. Thomas, and the Canaries, the stock was considerably increased. We begin then, for the first time, to have accounts of the number of sugar-mills, and the quantities manufactured. Thus we are told that in the island of St. Thomas there were, in 1524, seventy mills, making on an average 66,428 lbs. each, and upwards of two thousand tons in all. It was from those islands that Europe was for half a century mainly supplied. But the rapid exhaustion of the soil seems inseparable from the cultivation of the cane with the labour of slaves and serfs. It is reasonable to suppose that this was the great cause of the successive migrations of this business westward, and its early decline in Sicily, Spain, and the Africo-Atlantic islands.

In St. Domingo there were, in 1518, twenty-eight sugar-presses. In about half a century this island succeeded to the inheritance of the markets of Europe, which it monopolised and enlarged during a century and a half, exporting sixty-five thousand tons in one year, being about 100,000,000 lbs. surplus, after supplying the demand of the mother-country. In any possible situation of that island, it could not have maintained until this time that monopoly and that rate of production. At the beginning of the present century, the entire exportation from the West Indies and American settle-

ments of every description, was 440,800,000 lbs.; now it is 400,000,000 lbs. from the British West Indies alone, and 700,000,000 lbs. more from Brazil and the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Danish colonies. In 1750, only 80,000,000 lbs. were exported from the British West Indies, one-fifth of the present export.

Of course the consumption of sugar has greatly increased during the last half century; and it seems destined to an indefinite extension. It is so nutritive, wholesome, and agreeable, that there can never be a limit to its use except in a prohibition or an inability to buy it. Men and nations differ widely in their tastes and habits in respect to most kinds of food, sauce, and drinks. Neither wheat, rice, flesh, nor potatoes, can command unanimous favour. No article of housekeeping, save sugar, can be named, which is universally acceptable to the infant and the aged, the civilised and the savage.

The population of the British West Indies is equal to that of Cuba; but their consumption of sugar was, in 1827, only 13,000,000 lbs., eighteen pounds to an inhabitant, while that of Cuba was, in the same year, 44,000,000 lbs., or sixty-three lbs. to an inhabitant. This difference is presumed to be owing to the predominance of the free over the slave population, in the latter island. The ratio of the free population of Cuba to the slave, is three to one; but in the British West Indies one to three. This proportion would give the difference of the quantities of sugar consumed with almost entire accuracy.

The population of all the sugar-growing countries of the world is about 468,000,000. It is not to be presumed that each individual of this number consumes as much as the luxurious West Indian; but it will not be extravagant to suppose, that they all consume as largely as the Mexicans. Mexico, by the lowness of wages and the ignorance and poverty of the mass, may be considered as a fair representative of the nations inhabiting that belt of the earth which produces sugar-canes. She consumes, according to M. Humboldt, ten pounds to an inhabitant, all of domestic production. We thus determine, proximately, that the consumption of the other Hispano-American nations, and of the swarms which people the East, is 5,000,000,000 lbs. per annum, nearly four times as much as is used in Europe and the United States. Great Britain consumes 400,000,000 lbs., about twenty-four pounds to each inhabitant; the United States 200,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant; our domestic production being estimated at 50,000 hhd., or 50,000,000 lbs. In Ireland, the consumption is 40,000,000 lbs., five pounds to an individual. In Russia it is much less, being but a little more than one pound to a person, and 60,000,000 lbs. in the whole, unless the article be introduced inland from China, by way of Kiachta, as to some extent it probably is. Of the quantity consumed in Russia, we suppose 8,000,000 lbs. to be beet-sugar. Belgium consumes 30,000,000 lbs., seven pounds to an inhabitant, of which 5,000,000 lbs. are beet; and Prussia, Austria, and the rest of Germany, 200,000,000 lbs., of which 20,000,000 lbs. may be beet. This is four pounds and a half to an inhabitant. Holland consumes 50,000,000 lbs., sixteen pounds to an inhabitant; Spain, the same, which is but four pounds to an inhabitant; France, 230,304,549 lbs., seven pounds to each inhabitant. Of this, 107,905,785 lbs. were, in 1836, made from beet-roots. With the exception of a few manufactories in Italy, the above figures show the extent of the beet-sugar culture. Thus we have, for the total consumption of sugar in Europe, 1,267,000,000 lbs., of which 140,000,000, or 62,500 tons, are beet-sugar; and, for the total consumption throughout the world, 6,267,000,000 lbs.

The consumption of molasses is trifling except in the United States and Great Britain. There is some vent for it on the Continent, to be used in curing tobacco; and in England it is used for making a bastard sugar, and for cheap preserves. In the United States alone it is used for the table. The quantity of refined sugar consumed in the United States is small compared with the brown. It probably does not exceed one tenth; while, on the contrary, in France it constitutes four fifths of the entire consumption. The disproportion is less than this in Great Britain; but it is much greater there, and in Europe generally, than in the United States. Brown sugar contains, on an average, three to five per cent. of dirt; of course, molasses cannot be more pure. The consumption of this last in the United States, is about 150,000,000 lbs. annually; but probably more than half of it has heretofore been distilled into rum, producing more than 10,000,000 gallons per annum.

In the French West Indies the sugar manufacturers used to

throw away their molasses, as indeed they did at first in Jamaica, and as they do to this day in the islands of Bourbon and Java. The New-Englanders, particularly in and about Boston, taking note of this circumstance, induced the French, for a trifling consideration, to preserve this residuum, and deliver it on board the colonial traders. Arrived at Boston and other ports, the adventurers entered the article free of duty, and it was then converted into New England rum. In a few years, the business so enlarged itself, that the trade was extended to the Dutch and Danish colonies. In exchange, our people gave to the Frenchmen and others horses and mules for their sugar-mills, lumber for their houses, and fish and other provisions for their plantations. In 1715, a few years after the commencement of this traffic, the British island colonies complained of it to the government, as diminishing the demand for their products, and disappointing them of their wonted supplies. Hereupon a fierce and protracted contest arose betwixt the island and continental colonies, which was not terminated until 1733, when the islands prevailed, and a duty of sixpence per gallon was laid on molasses, and five shillings per cwt. on sugars, imported into the continental colonies from any foreign port or place. The penalty for violating the act was to be the forfeiture of vessel and cargo. But the New-Englanders, who have disputed every inch of the passage of the act, seem never to have thought of submitting to it after it was passed; and they continued the old traffic, eluding the duties and defying the law. A British fleet was sent to enforce it, and a state of irritation arose, in which the parties all but came to blows. In fact, this did never cease from that time down to the Revolution; and the famous act for raising a revenue in America was called, in the language of the day, "the sugar and molasses act."

The principal reasons alleged for the trade were, that a large supply of rum was indispensable to the continental colonists for carrying on the Indian trade and the fisheries. These reasons have ceased. Rum has nearly finished its mission to the poor Indians; and the fishermen, we believe, generally go upon the temperance plan. The real root of the matter was, and is, that no other people, since the world began, were ever furnished with so great a quantity of exciting liquor for so small a price. The custom-house duties, in other countries, either kept out molasses and rum, or admitted them with so heavy conditions that they could not be afforded in such abundance as they have been here. Ardent spirits were unknown, except as a medicine in a druggist's shop, until the cane-sugar and molasses makers of the West Indies brought rum into the world. The taste once formed, demand arose for brandy, perry, gin, and whiskey. Anderson, in his "Origin of Commerce," remarks: "The consumption of rum in New England is so great, that an author on this subject asserts, that there has been 20,000 hhd. of French *mélasse* manufactured into rum at Boston in one year, so vast is the demand for that liquor." Sir William Douglass, in a work printed at Boston, in 1755, tells us, that "Spirits, (*spiritus ardentis*), not above a century ago, were used only as official cordials, but now are become an endemical plague, being a pernicious ingredient in most of our beverages."

The duty of two cents on brown sugar in the United States, was originally laid for revenue, though it must be considered high for that purpose; being nearly fifty per cent. on the cost. At the time of the purchase of Louisiana, it was advanced to two and a half cents, probably for protection. During the last war with Great Britain it was doubled, being then five cents. At the peace it was fixed at three cents, avowedly for protection. In 1832, it was brought back to the rate of two and a half cents; and this is maintained for the encouragement of the sugar-planters of Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. The article is afforded in the New Orleans market, and on the Louisiana plantations, at five to six cents a pound. The planters have repeatedly declared, that at less prices the business cannot be sustained. The cost of production, when this industry was most flourishing, was two and a half to three and a half cents, exclusive of the interest on the investment.

We have now surveyed the field of competition in which the beet-sugar business must take root, if that be its destiny in this country [United States]. It is certain that the high hopes conceived of it have suffered considerable abatement from experiments made, and views put forth, in Great Britain. These it is our duty to weigh, and to determine how far they ought to influence the resolutions of North American cultivators and capitalists. But it is necessary that we should first examine, with some minuteness, the history and present condition of beet-sugar industry.

OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE-SHORE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.*

It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate *Constitution*, under the command of Captain Elliott, (having on board the late Edward Livingston, minister from the United States at the court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls,) drew near to "the chops" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack from the French coast.

The watch was set at eight p.m. The captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and bye;" remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but, he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine p.m., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of "Light O!" was heard from the fore-topsail-yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points on the lee bow," replied the look-out man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment the captain appeared, and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"All hands!" whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board of a man-of-war.

"All hands!" screamed the boatswain's mates; and ere the last echo died away, all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed, in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Deadman's Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening; the hauling up of which, contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on "a lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly, or by a close gaze along their outer ledge. Was this destined to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation!

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the captain in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack," thundered the captain. "Keep her full and bye, quarter-master."

"Aye, aye! sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the main sheet," shouted the captain, and aft it went like the spreading of a sea-bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Aye, aye! sir! she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm, keep her full and bye."

"Aye, aye! sir! full and bye she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Eight knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a-beam, sir."

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady, sb!" returned the captain.

"Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck—except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us: unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever touched those rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illumined only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs, that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while everything on board seemed cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them all on the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quarter-master, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels; but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overladen frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live-oak sides his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds, of course, therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the frigate *Cumberland*, a much larger ship,) seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and then another!—until, at last, our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt, less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact, which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent,—each officer and man was at his post,—and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he placed his reliance upon his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail when in any other situation it would have been considered a suicidal act, *he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution.*

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close-reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure, and danced merrily over the deep towards the United States.

"Pipe down," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "and splice the main brace." "Pipe down," echoed the first lieutenant to the boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down," it was.

Soon the "Jack of the Dust" held his levee on the main gun-deck, and the weather-beaten tars, as they gathered about the grog tub, and luxuriated upon a full allowance of Old Rye, forgot all their perils and fatigue.

"How near the rocks did we go?" said I to one of the master's mates the next morning. He made no reply, but taking down his chart, showed me a pencil-line between the outside shoal and the *Light-house island*, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by daylight. For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved!

I went upon deck: the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk

* From the United States Magazine.

in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger; but never, before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrific as that when the Constitution was labouring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt, to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired of the captain, if we were not in great danger? to which he replied, as soon as we had passed Scilly, "You are as safe as you would be in the aisle of a church." It is a singular fact that the frigate Boston, Captain M'Neal, about the close of the revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's, and also minister to the court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the captain—a rough but gallant old fire-eater—if they were not in great danger? to which he replied, "You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray to your God to forgive you your numerous sins; for, if we don't carry by this point, we shall all be in perdition in five minutes."

A DUTCH AFRICAN FARM.

THE following account of a frontier farm, belonging to one of the old Dutch settlers at the Cape of Good Hope, is taken from a work entitled "African Sketches," one of the valuable relics left to us by Mr. Thomas Pringle, a man whose virtues and talents have made his loss regretted by all who knew him; and in his situation as secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, his circle of acquaintance was extensive. His sketches are the result of his observations during a residence of some continuance at the Cape, whither he had proceeded with a purpose of permanently establishing himself; a design frustrated by a misunderstanding with the Governor.

"On riding up to the place, which consisted of three or four thatched houses, and a few reed cabins (*hartebeest-huisjes*), inhabited by the Hottentot dependants, we were encountered by a host of some twenty or thirty dogs, which had been lying about in the shade of the huts, and now started up around us, open-mouthed, with a prodigious clamour, as is generally the case at every farm-house on the approach of strangers. In day-light, these growling guardians usually confine themselves to a mere noisy demonstration; but at night, it is often a matter of no small peril to approach a farm-house; for many of these animals are both fierce and powerful, and will not hesitate to attack a stranger, if, in their eyes, he has the ill luck to appear in any way suspicious. The barking of the dogs brought out Arend Coetzer, one of the farmer's sons, from the principal dwelling-house, a frank young fellow, who had previously visited us at Glen-Lynden. Seeing us thus beset, he came instantly to our help against the canine rabble, whom he discomfited with great vigour, by hurling at them a few of the half-gnawed bones and bullocks' horns which were lying in profusion about the place. The young boor was rejoiced to see me, and introduced me to his mother and sisters,—a quiet-looking matron and two bashful girls, who now appeared from the house. 'Wil Mynheer afzadel?' ('Will the gentleman unsaddle?') was the first inquiry. I readily agreed, intending, indeed, though it was still early in the afternoon, to spend the night at this place, with the view of becoming better acquainted with our rustic neighbours.

On entering the house, I found that the old boor had not yet risen from his afternoon nap, or siesta, a habit which is generally prevalent throughout the colony. He was not long, however, in making his appearance; and, after shaking hands with a sort of gruff heartiness, he took down a bottle of brandy from a shelf, and urged me to drink a dram (*zoopje*) with him, assuring me that it was good *brandeweyn*, distilled by himself from his own peaches. I tasted the spirit, which was colourless, with something of the flavour of bad whiskey; but preferred regaling myself with a cup of tea, which had in the meanwhile been prepared and poured out for me by the respectable and active-looking dame. This 'tea-water' is made by a decoction, rather than an infusion, of the Chinese leaf, and being diluted with a certain proportion of boiling water, without any admixture of milk or sugar, is offered to every visitor who may chance to arrive during the heat of the day. A small tin box, containing sugar-candy, is sometimes handed round with the 'tea-water,' from which each person

takes a little bit to keep in his mouth, and thus to sweeten, in frugal fashion, the beverage as he swallows it. During this refreshment, I carried on a tolerably fluent conversation in broken Dutch with my host and his *huisvrouw*; and gratified them not a little by communicating the most recent information I possessed of the state of European politics, respecting which old Coetzer was very inquisitive.

The domicile of my hospitable neighbours, in which we were thus seated, was not calculated to suggest any ideas of peculiar comfort to an Englishman. It was a house somewhat of the size and appearance of an old-fashioned Scotch barn. The walls were thick, and substantially built of strong adhesive clay; a material, which being well prepared or *tempered*, in the manner of mortar for brick-making, and raised in successive layers, soon acquires in this dry climate a great degree of hardness, and is considered scarcely inferior in durability to burnt brick. These walls, which were about nine feet high, and tolerably smooth and straight, had been plastered over within and without with a composition of sand and cowdung, and this being afterwards well white-washed with a sort of pipe-clay, or with lime made of burnt shells, the whole had a very clean and light appearance.

The roof was neatly thatched with a species of hard rushes, which are considered much more durable and less apt to catch fire than straw. There was no ceiling under the roof; but the rafters over-head were hung with a motley assemblage of several sorts of implements and provisions,—such as hunting apparatus, dried flesh of various kinds of game, large whips of rhinoceros and hippopotamus hide (termed *ajamboks*), leopard and lion skins, ostrich eggs and feathers, dried fruit, strings of onions, rolls of tobacco, bamboos for whip-handles, calabashes, and a variety of other articles. A large pile of fine home-made soap graced the top of a partition wall.

The house was divided into three apartments; the one in which we were seated (called the *voorhuis*) opened immediately from the open air, and is the apartment in which the family always sit, eat, and receive visitors. A private room (*slaaphamer*) was formed at either end of this hall, by cross partitions of the same height and construction as the outer walls. The floor, which, though only of clay, appeared uncommonly smooth and hard, I found, on inquiry, had been formed of ant-heaps, which, being pounded into dust, and then watered and well stamped, assume a consistency of great tenacity. In making these floors, however, care must be taken to use only such ant-hills as have been broken up and plundered by the *aardevark*, or ant-eater, and consequently deserted by the surviving insects: otherwise, in spite of all your pounding, you may find that you have planted two or three troublesome colonies beneath your feet. This floor is carefully washed over every morning with water mixed with fresh cow-dung, in order to keep it cool and free from vermin, especially fleas, which are apt to become an intolerable pest in such mansions.

The house was lighted by four square windows in front,—one in each of the bed-rooms, and two in the *voorhuis*,—and also by the door, which appeared to be shut only during the night. The door consisted of reeds rudely fastened on a wicker frame, and was fixed to the door-posts by thongs of bullocks' hide. The windows were without glass, and were closed at night, each with an untanned quagga skin. There was neither stove nor chimney in any part of the dwelling-house, but the operations of cooking were performed in a small circular hut of clay and reeds, which stood in front of it. The furniture of the sitting-room consisted of a couple of wooden tables, and a few chairs, stools, and wagon-chests; an immense churn, into which all the milk saved from the sucking calves was daily poured, and churned every morning; a large iron pot for boiling soap; two or three wooden pitchers, hooped with brass, and very brightly scoured; a cupboard, exhibiting the family service of wooden bowls and trenchers, pewter tureens, brandy flasks, with a good array in phials of Dutch quack medicines. A tea-vase, and brass tea-kettle heated by a chafing-dish,—which, with a set of Dutch teacups, and a large brass-clasped Dutch Bible, occupied a small table at which the mistress of the house presided,—completed the inventory. The bed-rooms, in which I more than once slept on future occasions, were furnished each with one or more large bedsteads or stretchers, without posts or curtains, but provided with good feather-beds, spread on elastic frames woven with thongs of bullock's hide, like a cane-bottomed chair.

In a corner of the hall, part of the carcass of a sheep was suspended from a beam; and I was informed that two sheep, and sometimes more, were daily slaughtered for family consumption; the Hottentot herdsmen and their families, as well as the farmer's

own household, being chiefly fed upon mutton,—at least during summer, when beef could not be properly cured. The carcasses were hung up in this place, it appeared, chiefly to prevent waste by being constantly under the eye of the mistress, who, in this country, instead of the ancient Saxon title of 'giver of bread,' might be appropriately called the 'giver of flesh.' Flesh, and not bread, is here the staff of life; and the frontier colonists think it no more odd to have a sheep hanging in the *voorhuis*, than a farmer's wife in England would do to have the large household loaf placed for ready distribution on her hall-table. At this very period, in fact, a pound of wheaten bread in this quarter of the colony was three or four times the value of a pound of animal food.

In regard to dress, there was nothing very peculiar to remark. That of the females, though in some respects more slovenly, resembled a good deal the costume of the rustic classes in England thirty or forty years ago. The men wore long loose trowsers of sheep or goat skin, tanned by their servants, and made in the family. A check shirt, a jacket of coarse frieze or cotton, according to the weather, and a broad-brimmed white hat, completed the costume. Shoes and stockings appeared not to be considered essential articles of dress for either sex, and were, I found, seldom worn except when they went to church, or to merry-makings (*vrolykheids*). A sort of sandals, however, are in common use, called *veld-schoenen* (country shoes), the fashion of which was, I believe, originally borrowed from the Hottentots. They are made of raw bullock's hide, with an upper-leather of dressed sheep or goat-skin, much after the same mode as the brogues of the ancient Scottish Highlanders.

Having exhausted the usual topics of country chat, I suggested a walk round the premises, and we sallied forth, accompanied by old Wentzel and his son Arend. They led us first to the orchard, which was of considerable extent, and contained a variety of fruit-trees, all in a thriving state. The peach-trees, which were now in blossom, were most numerous; but there were also abundance of apricot, almond, walnut, apple, pear, and plum trees, and whole avenues of figs and pomegranates. The outward hedge consisted of a tall hedge of quinces. There was also a fine lemon-grove, and a few young orange-trees. The latter require to be sheltered during the winter, until they have attained considerable size,—the frost being apt to blight them in this upland valley. All the other fruits are raised with ease; peach-trees often bearing fruit the third year after the seeds are put in the ground. From the want of care, however, or of skill in grafting, few of the fruits in this part of the colony are of superior sorts or of delicate flavour. The peaches especially are but indifferent; but, as they are chiefly grown for making brandy, or to be used in a dried state, excellence of flavour is but little regarded. Some mulberry-trees, which had been planted in front of the house, were large and flourishing, and produced, I was informed, abundance of fruit. These were not the wild or white mulberry, raised in Europe for feeding silkworms; but the latter sort also thrive extremely well in most parts of the colony.

The kitchen garden was very deficient in neatness, but contained a variety of useful vegetables. Onions were raised in great abundance, and of a quality fully equal to those of Spain. Pumpkins, cucumbers, musk and water melons, were cultivated in considerable quantities. The sweet potato was also grown here.

Adjoining to the garden and orchard was a small but well-kept vineyard, from which a large produce of very fine grapes is obtained; but these, as well as the peaches, are chiefly distilled into brandy.

The whole of the orchard, vineyard, and garden-ground, together with about twenty acres of corn-land adjoining, were irrigated by the waters of a small mountain-rill, which were collected and led down in front of the house by an artificial canal. This limited extent was the whole that could be cultivated on a farm comprising about six thousand acres. But this is quite sufficient for the wants of a large family; the real wealth of the farm, so far as respects marketable commodities, consisting in the flocks and herds raised on its extensive pastures. This old Wentzel himself hinted, as, shutting up a gap in the garden-hedge with a branch of thorny mimosa, he led us out towards the *kraals*, or cattle-folds, exclaiming, in a tone of jocund gratulation, while he pointed to a distant cloud of dust moving up the valley—'Maar daar koomt myn vee—de beste tuin!' ('But there come my cattle—the best garden!') On approaching the cattle-kraals, I was struck by the great height of the principal fold, which was elevated fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the adjoining plain; and my surprise was certainly not diminished when I found that the mound on the top of

which the pen was constructed, consisted of a mass of hard solid dung, accumulated by the cattle of the farm being folded for a succession of years on the same spot. The sheep-folds, though not quite so elevated, and under the lee, as it were, of the bullock-kraal, were also fixed on the top of similar accumulations. The several folds (for those of the sheep and goats consisted of three divisions) were all fenced in with branches of the thorny mimosa, which formed a sort of rampart around the margin of the mounds of dung, and were carefully placed with their prickly sides outwards, on purpose to render the inclosures more secure from the nocturnal assaults of the hyenas, leopards, and jackals. Against all these ravenous animals the oxen are, indeed, quite able to defend themselves; but the hyenas and leopards are very destructive to calves, foals, sheep, and goats, when they can break in upon them, which they sometimes do in spite of the numerous watch-dogs kept for their protection; and the cunning jackal is not less destructive to the young lambs and kids.

While we were conversing on these topics, the clouds of dust which I had observed approaching from three different quarters, came nearer, and I perceived that they were raised by two numerous flocks of sheep and one large herd of cattle. First came the wethers, which are reared for the market, and are often driven by the butchers' servants even to Cape Town, seven hundred miles distant. These being placed in their proper fold, the flock of ewes, ewe-goats, and lambs, was next driven in, and carefully penned in another; those having young ones of tender age being kept separate. And, finally, the cattle-herd came rushing on pellmell, and spontaneously assumed their station upon the summit of their guarded mount; the milk-cows only being separated, in order to be tied up to stakes within a small inclosure nearer the houses, where they were milked by the Hottentot herdsmen, after their calves, which were kept at home, had been permitted to suck for a certain period. Not one of those cows, I was told, would allow herself to be milked until her calf had first been put to her: if the calf dies, of course there is an end of her milk for that season. About thirty cows were milked; but the quantity obtained from them was scarcely so much as would be got from eight or ten good English cows.

The farmer and his wife, with all their sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, and grand-children, who were about the place, were assiduously occupied, while the herds and flocks were folding, in examining them as they passed in, and in walking through among them afterwards, to see that all was right. I was assured that, though they do not very frequently count them, they can discover at once if any individual ox is missing, or if any accident has happened among the flocks from beasts of prey or otherwise. This faculty, though the result doubtless of peculiar habits of attention, is certainly very remarkable; for the herd of cattle at this place amounted altogether to nearly 700 head, and the sheep and goats to about 5000. This is considered a very respectable, but by no means an extraordinary stock for a Tarka grazer.

Every individual of an African farmer's family, including even the child at the breast, has an interest in the welfare of the flocks and herds. It is their custom, as soon as a child is born, to set apart for it a certain number of the young live stock, which increase as the child grows up; and which, having a particular mark regularly affixed to them, form, when the owner arrives at adult age, a stock sufficient to be considered a respectable dowry for a prosperous farmer's daughter, or to enable a young man, though he may not possess a single dollar of cash, to begin the world respectably as a Vee Boer, or grazer."

ORIGIN OF PORTSOKEN WARD.

BEFORE the Norman Conquest, there existed a certain guild or body of knights, denominated, in Anglo-Saxon, the *Cnihtena-gild*, and who possessed a plot of land just within the gate of the city, and thence called the *Port-soken*,—their holding being of that description called a *soke*, involving important privileges. These knights retained their jurisdiction, as well as their land, in, and through, and after the great changes consequent upon the Norman invasion, until some time in the reign of Henry I., when they bestowed their territory upon the neighbouring convent of the Holy Trinity. By virtue of the transfer, the prior of the convent acquired the rank of an alderman of the city. The demesne of the fraternity became, and still is, the well-known *Portsoken Ward*; whilst the name of *Nightingale-lane*, into which the denomination of the "*Cnihtena-gild land*" has passed by colloquial alteration, yet preserves a memorial of the ancient owners of the soil.

Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages.

NATURE AND ART.

There is no mystery in the mental faculties of mankind: fancy, imagination, sentiment, passion, acuteness, judgment, reason, memory, are all positive, and capable of being discriminated and measured: they are not to be admitted or denied as temper or fashion may dictate. They do not depend on a little more or less of management, or a little more or less of care or chicanery. Genius and talent pervade all, in spite of negligence, rapidity, and defying artlessness; and deficiency will pervade all, in spite of *Asses*, and labour, and contrivance, and false ornament.—*Sir E. Brydges*.

IDEAS FROM COLERIDGE.

A rogue is a round-about fool: a fool in *circumbendibus*.
The earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven, of futurity.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

How did the atheist get his idea of the God whom he denies?

Every true science bears necessarily within itself the germ of a cognate profession, and the more you can elevate trades into professions the better.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.—*Coleridge, Table-Talk*.

SABINUS AND HIS DOG.

After the execution of Sabinus, the Roman general, who suffered death for his attachment to the family of Germanicus, his body was exposed to the public, upon the precipice of the Gemonia, as a warning to all who should dare to defend the fallen house. No relative had courage to approach the corpse; one friend only remained true—his faithful dog. For three days the animal continued to watch the body: his pathetic howlings awakened the sympathy of every heart. Food was brought to him, which he was kindly encouraged to eat; but, on taking the bread, instead of obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth, and renewed his lamentations. Days thus passed, nor did he for a moment quit his charge.

The body was at length thrown into the Tiber; and the generous and faithful creature, still unwilling that it should perish, leaped into the water after it, and, clasping the corpse between his paws, vainly endeavoured to preserve it from sinking; and only ceased his endeavours with his last breath, having ultimately perished in the stream.—*Anecdotes of Animals*.

A FINE CONTRAST IN A FINE PASSAGE.

A man is supposed to improve by going out into the world—by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic: it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency, while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooke's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pizarro that crossed him. But when he walks along the river of Amazons,—when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes,—when he measures the long and watered Savannah, or contemplates from a sudden promontory the distant, vast Pacific,—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre; and commanding each ready-produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream,—his exaltation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great; his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment: for he says, "These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them." He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts; and he argues unerringly, and acts majestically. His mind in himself is also in his God, and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars.—*From Notes upon the Hurricane, a Poem, by William Gilbert*.

PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES OF BRITAIN.

The particular facilities of Britain are great,—greater, perhaps, than those of any other country; or they have, at least, been more generally developed. It possesses all the essentials for the furtherance of mechanical ingenuity, and the employment of manufacturing industry. Iron and coal, the two chief agents—the one in the formation of machinery, the other in its use,—are found in abundant quantities beneath the soil, and often in such close contiguity that they are readily made to assist each other.

Railways of Britain.

TRADERS IN PHILANTHROPY.

I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations; men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost always hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labour, and time on the race—the abstract notion. The cosmopolitanism which does not spring out of and blossom upon the deep-rooted stem of nationality and patriotism is a spurious and rotten growth.—*Coleridge*.

BAMBOO AND BAMBOOZZLE.

"I guess," said the philosophical supercargo, Jonathan Downing, when he wrote home from Canton to his uncle the Major, "that there really be but two sorts of good government, in the nature of things: Bamboo, or the like, as in China; and Bamboozle, or the like, as in the old country; but we in the States use 'em both, and ours is the grandest government in the universe,—Bamboo for the niggers, and Bamboozle for ourselves."

Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages.

A FAITHFUL SHOCK-DOG.

In October, 1863, during the deluge with which the island of Madeira was visited, a remarkable circumstance happened near St. John's river. A maid-servant, in flying from one of the falling houses, dropped an infant from her arms, which was supposed to have perished. Next day, however, it was found, unhurt, on a dry piece of ground, along with a shock-dog, belonging to the same family. The dog was close by the child, and it is imagined that the child was kept alive by the warmth of the faithful animal's body.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Dogs*.

OUR IGNORANCE OF MENTAL PHENOMENA.

Pleasure and pain, hope and despair, hatred and affection, play as truly in the infant mind as they did in the mind of Shakspeare, who has been called the high-priest of the passions. But how absurd it is to affirm, that the child must, therefore, understand all the passions which it feels, as well as Shakspeare did, who has made himself immortal by exhibiting them in dramatic action! Nay, is it not quite certain that, after we have arrived at the age of maturity, and after we have received laboured instructions, and much practical knowledge of life, we often experience trains of thought, and complicated emotions, which we do not even understand, and are much less able to explain?—*Young's Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy*.

AN ELEGANT COUPLE OF ABORIGINES.

Among the native inhabitants of the Yas district (Australia) was a pair of originals: the man was called Daraga, and his lady the "beautiful Kitty" of Yas. Neither of them had pretensions to beauty. The lady had ornamented her delicate form (for all the ladies are fond of adornments) with two opossum tails, pendent in a graceful manner from her greasy locks; pieces of tobacco-pipe, mingled with coloured beads, adorned her neck; an old, dirty, opossum-skin cloak was thrown over the shoulders; a bundle of indescribable rags around the waist; and a netbul or euly hanging behind (filled with a collection of "small deer," and other eatables, that would baffle all attempts at description), completed the toilette of this angelic creature. Of her features I shall only say, they were not such as painters represent those of Venus; her mouth, for instance, was a prodigious aperture. The husband also had decorated the locks of his cranium with opossum tails, with the addition of grease and red ochre; a tuft of board ornamented his chin; and the colour of his hide was barely discernible, from the layers of mud and charcoal covering it: he wore a "spritsail yard" through his apology for a nose; the opossum-skin cloak covered his shoulders, and the belt of opossum-skin girdled the loins; the pipe was his constant companion, as the love of tobacco among those who have intercourse with Europeans is unbounded, and no more acceptable present can be made to them. At meal-times, it was curious to observe the conduct of this interesting couple and the kangaroo dogs: it was evident that no good feeling subsisted between the parties: the dogs regarded the former with an expression of anger, and the opposite party looked both sulkily and anxiously at the canine species. The dogs appeared instinctively to fear that the human creatures would devour every morsel of the food, and that they should be minus their share; while the latter seemed to know, either by instinct or practical experience, that large dogs bite tolerably hard when angry.—*Bennett's Wanderings in New South Wales*.

NIAGARA.

Niagara is said to be an Iroquois word, signifying the thunder of waters. The Indians pronounce it Niagára, but Americans and Canadians universally Niágara: the latter accentuation is sanctioned by the author of "Letters of the Fudge Family," who proposes in one of them,

"'stead of pistol or dagger, a
Desperate leap down the falls of Niágara."

Duncan's Travels.

STEAM CARRIAGES.

It does not seem likely that steam can be applied to pleasure carriages; but improvements will most probably go on in the construction of steam carriages till they be perfectly available for common roads, as vehicles of locomotion,—as a means of travelling more economically than with horses from one place to another. But to realise a profit from them, they must carry many passengers; they will do for public, but not for private vehicles. One advantage they will possess which common vehicles have not: in cold weather, they may be warmed by the steam-pipes, with the same facility as a house; and, in hot weather, they may be ventilated by fans worked by the machinery.—*Adams' English Pleasure Carriages*.

CONTRAST BETWEEN CIVILISED AND SAVAGE LIFE.

Everything that can contribute to teach the most unmoved patience under the severest pains and misfortunes, everything that tends to harden the heart and narrow all the sources of sympathy, is most sedulously inculcated on the savage. The civilised man, on the contrary, though he may be advised to bear evil with patience when it comes, is not instructed to be always expecting it. Other virtues are to be called into action besides fortitude. He is taught to feel for his neighbour, or even his enemy, in distress; to encourage and expand his social affections; and, in general, to enlarge the sphere of pleasurable emotions. The civilised man hopes to enjoy, the savage expects only to suffer.—*Malthus*.

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